

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 72.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1829.

Price 8d.

LETTERS TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER ON THE OLD POETS.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.

[The following fragment of a letter belongs to a series written by an old gentleman, since deceased, to a young lady who lived with him during the late years of his life, and whose education he superintended. Whatever appears quaint or peculiar in his notions, may be attributed to his having betaken himself to the study of the English poets very late in life, his first forty years having been passed in various active employments, partly in England, and partly on the Continent. He appears to have pursued the study of our old literature with the ardent and devoted admiration of a first lover; and his observations prove that his enthusiasm very much predominated over his critical power, if he ever possessed any, which is doubtful. The circumstance, we think, ought to induce his executors to pause before they adopt the resolution, which we understand they have partly formed, of laying the whole collection before the public. As, however, Shakspeare's songs have, so far as we are aware, not been treated of any where, except very cursorily and unsatisfactorily by Mr. Hazlitt, we have selected from the papers sent to us, his remarks upon this subject, in the general purport of which we agree. The former and longer part of the letter, for which we could not find room, is on the effect that would result from transplanting a character in any one of Shakspeare's plays into any other,—a notion which is illustrated by supposing the character of Blenloe to be substituted for that of Aguecheek in 'Twelfth Night,' and vice versa that of Aguecheek, for Blenloe in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' The inaptitude of the one as a lover for Anne Page, and the other as a butt for Sir Toby Belch, are noted with many curious turns of phrase.—Ed.]

THERE is one subject upon which I must say a few words before I finish my letter. I am afraid you will press your lips together, and look very wicked out of the corners of your eyes, when I tell you that I am going to talk of Shakspeare's songs. In general, I cannot accuse you of showing any want of deference to my silver locks; but it has often struck me, that, whenever I ventured an opinion upon any thing that had to do with music, you seemed extremely irreverent and unbelieving. I do not know what you ground your opinions of my incompetence upon; except it be that I once remarked that 'Naunty, wilt thou gang wi' me,' was the sweetest of all Scotch airs, when you had been playing 'Those Evening Bells,' or some other outlandish modern composition, that is not Scotch or any thing else. Nothing but your youth and your sex can warrant you in drawing a conclusion from such slight premises; besides, you little minx, what business had you to cheat your old grandfather, and how do you know that my ignorance was not assumed from a fear you should think I was angry with you for the trick? The truth is, that in some of the little by-paths of musical science, which you young ladies are taught to cultivate highly, I am not so conversant as some of my equals, and many of my inferiors. My notions of time are perhaps more comprehensive and profound than minute; and I have always upon principle avoided the bigoted and invidious practice of distinguishing one pretty tune from another, a caution to which I am indebted for this advantage among many others, that, whenever I hear either of our national airs played upon a Christian or Jew's-harp without the helpful ornament of the tongue, my respect for the person of the Sovereign mingles in the one case with my delight in our naval supremacy; and in the other, my loyalty is rescued from the slightest taint of baseness, by the inspiring recollection that Britons fully intend never to become slaves. But, of that deep musical harmony (of course you understand me) of that which constitutes the real essence, principle, soul, and centre truth of music, I assure you, my perceptions are far more acute and clear than yours, notwithstanding that you were three years and a half a pupil of Moscheles, and that your pretty little fingers'-ends have been

wearing themselves out with practising ever since I knew you. So listen to me while I give you my opinion of Shakspeare's songs. I will begin by quoting one which I request you to read attentively:

'O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting:
Every wise man's son doth know.
'What is love?' 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What is to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.'

Now, my dear, I do not expect you to admire this song at all at first reading: I do not say that you will ever admire it; but, if you had met with it about eight years ago, (you were then verging on eleven,) I am nearly sure you would have liked it fifty times better than almost any of Moore's melodies. 'But is that a test,' you will say. 'Am I not a better judge now than I was at ten years old? Should I have been able to admire "As You Like It" then; and did I not admire many things then which I must not admire now?' But are you not conscious that there is in this respect a difference between the enjoyment of music and every other enjoyment? Do you remember a single air which delighted you in childhood, and has ceased to delight you now? Doubtless, there are many compositions with which you have become acquainted since. Of these, a few, you will readily allow, strictly speaking, give you no pleasure; you admire them, are astonished at them, but do not love them. There are others, I should think by far the majority, which, though quite unable to understand, you would have been as much in raptures with twelve years ago as you are now. It is possible that there are one or two others which do not fall under either of these heads; but, if you examine your heart even about, then I think you will find that the pleasure they afford you is this—that they RESTORE TO YOU THE FEELINGS OF CHILDHOOD. That this is the main characteristic of musical enjoyment—that it is this which makes it dear to all the lowly wise, all those who are mighty in meekness—and this, too, which renders all whose understandings have outgrown their hearts, who are proud of the accessions they have made since childhood, but ashamed of what they were in childhood, and careless of what they have lost, either incapable of entering into its nature, or insensible to its passing excellence I am assured, not less from what I am able to gather of the experience of others than from my own, in those few glorious moments—the truth will out—in which I do surrender myself, body and soul, to the pleasure of sweet sound, and in those, alas! far more frequent hours when I am a rebel—a haughty, conscious rebel—against its influences, I know that it is the unwillingness to abdicate, even for a few short moments, the vanity of intellect—the reluctance to do that which is needful for all who would draw delight from any spiritual source—to become even as little children—which prevents me from snatching those stray gifts of lovingkindness which have been heaped up by nature in the realm of sound for those who are not too proud, too mean, to partake of them. Oh! what wretched beings we must be,—to shut out wisdom, at one of its choicest entrances, from our souls, because we will not undergo a change

which would itself bring with it more strength and refreshment than any other. To renew our youth! to forget all the stores of sorrow that have come to us from without, all those more huge and heavy stores that we have husbanded for ourselves, to forget the treacheries of others and our own sins, and to find again the old fields glistening with the early dew, and the old faces bright as they were before we or they had conversed with coldness, and sorrow, and death! In the Scriptures, which contain a record of every universal feeling of our nature, you will find the ecstasy of this feeling spoken of,—not by Isaiah in the loftiest mood of his inspiration,—not by St. Paul, though he was carried into the seventh heaven and heard unspeakable words,—not by the writer of the Apocalypse, though the whole seraphic vision was unfolded before him,—but by the Psalmist, because the joy of renewing his youth like the eagles, was revealed to him through music.

You remember that glorious passage which we have read together so many thousand times of our own great poet:

'So in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

Now, if you—I do not say have taken in the full meaning of this passage, for that neither you nor I have ever done—but, if you have entered at all into the spirit which dictated it, and have observed, moreover, how naturally, and, as it were, inevitably, the poet introduces the sound of the rolling waters as a part of the idea which it embodies, and, lastly, how inextricably blended in our feelings the music of the expression is with the thought, you will understand why I put forward Shakspeare's songs as one of the most transcendent illustrations of his genius. His songs are perfectly, absolutely childlike. The thoughts are not linked to each other by the ordinary principles of composition. Their logic is the logic of a child, a simple, free-hearted child, the current of whose feelings runs on by its own sweet will, neither directed nor turned awry by any prescriptions of the understanding. Was Shakspeare, then, ignorant of these laws? Read the dialogue of the play I have quoted, and how you will smile at the question! How you will be struck with the wonderful strictness and coherency of the thought, with the transparency of the language through which it is reflected! Well, then, think for a moment. I have told you that I, a poor, feeble old man, with just enough left of an intellect that was never capacious to assure me that it will not last me to the grave, unless my dear granddaughter lends me a portion of hers to help it out—I, not ten removes off a child in intellect, am yet so proud of the petty distance, that I cannot pass it over, and become quite a child, even to have the richest banquet that the gods ever provided for man. I cannot do it, but *he* can! He, the all-grasper, who took the gunge of all finite existence,—he, whose understanding, to use the deeply meaning paradox of the inspired writer, was according to the stature of a MAN, that is to say, of an ANGEL,—he can become a child, 'can in a moment travel' to that infancy which he has left further behind him than any human being before him or since.

I do not know, my dear Frances, whether you will thoroughly understand my meaning; but a little additional study of Shakspeare's songs, and a comparison of them with those which you are in the habit of singing, will clear up any confusion which the muddiness of my language may have introduced into your conceptions. Your mother has often complained to me, that, in spite of her taste and reason, she could not bring herself to like the good sensible words which have, of late years, been set to favourite airs, so well as the nonsense she had been used to connect with them. She attributed this to habit and association merely: I believe it arises from a much truer and worthier feeling. I believe she feels, and, I hope, has imbued you with something of the same feeling, that when an author means to write cleverly—when he thinks about the independent value of the thoughts which he expresses in the words, when, in short, he does not abandon himself wholly to the musical feeling, (the necessary consequence of which would be, that he must often write what the world will call nonsense,) he cannot produce a composition which will deserve to be married to immortal music. Modern writers generally fancy that it is quite compatible with their musical taste to show themselves off at the same time as wits, gentlemen, and scholars; or, if one of them (Why do you look so angry? I did not say Mr. Moore) does, in his great condescension, consent to be what Shakspeare was proud to be—a child—it is such a child! so unlike the round, chubby-faced, simple-hearted being to whom that name ought to be appropriated—such a French-looking creature—such a mere, pert, trowsered, flounced, drawing-room miss!

My dear, let you and I think it not a condescension, but a difficult, a glorious attainment, to become little children. To me, if I were not, as I am, taking that other route to childhood which makes one regard with a feeling of spite and envy at the one we are leaving behind us—to me it would be an effort laborious and painful indeed; for my mind has been fashioned in an age, and in a country, where men calculate much and love little, where they think much of the progress they are making, but look back seldom, and always with sullen and contemptuous glances, upon the point from which they have started. And therefore are the men of England and the men of the nineteenth century a race among whom the fair flower of music vegetates at wide intervals and but weakly. We wrap the muddy vesture of decay close round us, lest our business should be interrupted, or our pleasures disturbed, by the stars quiring to the young-eyed cherubim. For you, for the women of England, I trust the task is more easy. You are not slaves as we are to your understandings; you have not shut your ears and your heart, against the melodies with which the whole universe is overflowing. Oh, beware how you ever do so,—beware, lest in place of that vanity of intellect, the fiend which haunts us wherever we go,—you admit a not less subtle demon to your heart and hospitality,—the demon of convention, and fashion, and artifice. For this is even a crueller foe of all child-like and humble feelings: this is even a baser vanity. Love simplicity, my dear girl, love music, love Shakspeare; and then I hope, in addition, that you will love me.

THE DRAMA OF SPAIN.

Discurso sobre el Influjo que ha tenido la Crítica moderna en la decadencia del Teatro Antiguo Español, y sobre el modo con que debe ser considerado para juzgar convenientemente de su mérito peculiar. Por D. A. D. Con licencia. Madrid, 1828.

The evil effects which have resulted in this country from the imitation of French manners and customs, have been by no means the only mischief with which it is chargeable: although those evil effects themselves are neither few nor trifling; although among them we may reckon, in philosophy, the substitution of a lifeless and

inconsistent scepticism for the enlightened and living faith of our forefathers,—in literature, the banishment of the energetic verse and prose which were indigenous in England, to make way for miserable conjunctions disjunctive of epigrams. In the other parts of Europe also, wherever there was any good thing to be destroyed, the spirit of the eighteenth century, whose birth-place and cradle was France, was as busily at work. Fixing the thought, wherever it could, upon the external and mechanical properties of things, and emptying all things of the life and spirituality and energy within, till all that was excellent in form only it completely swept away, and all that from being essentially good was incapable of change or destruction, it so choked up and veiled in mists of its own raising, that very few persons were allowed to suspect the existence of vitality in the mass, and yet fewer had courage or skill to penetrate to the life, through all the obstacles which surrounded and confined it. This system of mechanical and fragmentary philosophy necessarily continued, till it had embraced the whole cycle of art and science, subduing, with admirable impartiality, religion and morals, poetry and prose, metaphysics and criticism, all of which it laid with equal dexterity upon its dissecting-table. But, having passed through the whole physical and intellectual scheme, and failed throughout of solving the problems presented to it, its influence has as necessarily begun to wane; and in many parts of Europe, a deep insight is now gained into many subjects which had hitherto only been contemplated through the opera-glass of Parisian philosophy. In Germany and England, though far less in the latter country than in the former, are the minds of men emancipating themselves from the ignoble bondage in which they have been held, and looking into themselves for the guides which heretofore they have been taught to seek in the dogmas of a material and mechanical system. Hence, in these countries, the craving after truth which has taken place of the former apathetic submission to the verdicts of pedantic dogmatists; hence the renewed speculations upon the nature of man, the ardent inquiry into the mystery of his being, the philosophical foundations given to the æsthetic science, and the investigation of the true end and method of history, physiology, and politics.

The work which we have placed at the head of this article shows that even in Spain the same energy is manifesting itself; that even in that wilderness some good seed is sown, the earnest and pledge of a noble harvest to come. It is a vindication of the national drama of Spain—which, like the national drama of every other European country, was, during the last century, attempted to be subjected to the rules of French tragedy—from the aspersions which have been profusely cast upon it by the Gallicists, or supporters of the French school. Such defences had not been unfrequent both in Germany and England during the reign of Gallicism in those countries; but, unfortunately, from being grounded in false notions, they had never completely set the question at rest. Of this we have a good example in Dr. Johnson's preface to Shakspeare, in which he attempts to refute the objections to him on account of his disregard of the Unities. It was impossible for him not to feel that Shakspeare, Ford, and Massinger, were in the right, however, in the true spirit of French criticism, M. Voltaire might have demonstrated them to be wrong; yet, furnished as he was with this certainty, by the admission of principles which had nothing to do with the question, he contrived to make as bad a defence of our English stage as could well be put forward. Our author informs us that similar attempts had been made in Spain, which had failed for the same reason; that, although the national feeling which every man partakes of, had continued to convince their defenders of the excellence of De Vega, Tirso, and Calderon, still, from not having developed the true grounds on which

their defence was to be rested, these critics had only confirmed the acrimony with which their opponents conducted the attack. In putting himself forward to supply the deficiencies of his countrymen, which he does with great modesty, he develops these true grounds, and applies excellent arguments to show, that, the national drama being in every country of necessity 'the ideal expression of the manner of seeing, feeling, judging, and existing of its inhabitants, it is impossible that a nation should take any pleasure in matters represented on the stage, if they are ill accommodated to the characteristic type of the nation itself;' and consequently, that the pretensions of the Gallicists to try the Spanish drama by rules drawn from the French or Grecian stage are absurd, and productive of evil results to the drama itself: in short, he asserts, and we perfectly coincide with him in opinion,

'That, as long as the habit shall prevail of regulating literature like fashions, by Parisian patterns, the genius of nations will create nothing which shall be worthy of appreciation either for its greatness or its originality. Let us undeceive ourselves,' he continues; 'neither the preceptorial centos, nor the outcries of Gallican critics, nor their extravagantly exclusive systems, have ever produced, or ever will produce, the sublime creations of a Shakspeare, a Calderon, a Schiller: and for what reason? Because the stage must be in every country the poetic and ideal expression of its moral necessities, and of the pleasures adequate to the manner in which its inhabitants exist, feel, and judge, circumstances which all exercise a powerful influence upon the poetic inspiration, and which will never result from the art, the metaphysical analysis, or the learning, of foreign works which are opposed to the character of the people.'

The manner in which he shows the necessity of following the national character, even to the destruction of historical truth, is striking. He says,

'This may be observed in Calderon's play, entitled "The Arms of Beauty," which is the story of Coriolanus. In it, the hero, resolved to destroy his native city, despises the entreaties of his relations, friends, and fellow-citizens, and does not desist from his enterprise, till his mother, his wife, and the Roman matrons, come and supplicate him for mercy. At length Coriolanus yields; but to whom does he yield? To beauty, to love, and courtesy. He raises the siege; moved to this act by no political reasons, but by the generosity alone of his chivalric feelings. He makes no stipulations for himself: all is in favour of the ladies; all laws offensive to whom he exacts the repeal of from his fellow-citizens, and greater privileges in whose favour he insists upon their granting. "What inconsistency! What anachronism in habits!" the critics will exclaim. They are quite in the right; but let them give Coriolanus the name of *Anachronos*, let them change the time and the localities; and thus, while the notions associated with the Roman history will disappear from their sight, the incongruity which scandalizes them so much will also vanish. But the Spanish public would have had good right to complain, if Calderon had placed upon the stage a real Coriolanus, since he would then have presented them with a republican and gentle existence, which could not be understood by a monarchical and Christian people; who, in order to appreciate it, would be compelled to study in detail the history of Rome and the philosophy of its customs.'

Having established the assertion that the stage is the representation of the national character, he traces with a skilful hand the circumstances which had acted in Europe generally, and Spain in particular, to create the peculiar character of his country, and to give birth to its drama. His reflections on the difference which the spiritual religion of the modern world has made in the nature of its poetry, are very good.

'The social organisation which Europe adopted during the middle and chivalric ages, the new habits and customs which people acquired with it, and, above all, the universality of the Christian religion, discovered to man a vast treasure of notions which had hitherto been unknown gave a new direction to thought, and laid open to the imagination one enlarged plain whereon to raise its poetical creations, whose bases were now in spirituality. Upon the complete downfall of the ancient governments, they dragged along with them,

and buried under their ruins, even the memory of what had been : the adoration of personified nature was justly proscribed as idolatrous, and the gods of paganism were looked upon by the Christians as forms assumed by the rebel spirit for the perdition of man ; consequently, the theogony and mythology of those people remained despoiled and stripped of the illusions with which it captivated the human heart, which now insisted upon looking at them under the terrible aspect of lying and falsehood.

The passage from republican to monarchical forms of government, the residence of the Moors in Spain, the constant warfare between the people of Arabic and Gothic race, the high station which women held in the low polity social, with the manifold effects resulting therefrom from circumstances, are accurately and philosophically described ; and the conclusion is drawn, that the character thus formed must create a drama for itself, whose elements could no longer be the same as those which existed in the Gentile world. We observe that this gentleman follows M. Schlegel in characterising the ancient mind as placing its ideal beauty in symmetrical and harmonious arrangement ; and we ask with him,

'How could the same forms be applied to our inward, sublime, and poetic mode of existence, as were fit for a character so constituted as the antique, grounded as it was upon the external and material alone ? How can the faith in freedom of will, and the ideal universe, express themselves in the same way as the submission to a fixed and inexorable fate, and a world of sensations ?'

The difference between the Gentile and the Christian worlds as a general, and the peculiarities of national character as particular distinctions, are, then, the true reason why no one fixed form can be devised for dramatic poetry ; and herein Johnson would have found the true answer to all objections levelled against Shakspeare for his disregard of Aristotle or Longinus. In all that poetry has of universal, viz., its independent existence in the human mind, they may be taken to be competent judges, as all good metaphysicians must be ; but, when any forms but their own are considered, we immediately reject their arbitrement, conceiving not only that the laws of no one national poetry can be forced upon another, but that the forms which such poetry takes are never forced upon it from without, but are the outgrowth and necessary proceed of the spirit within.

One problem of some interest still remains to be solved : how the Grecian forms could ever be received by the French, they as well as other European nations being under a Christian and monarchical dispensation. This the author does in a note, which we shall translate.

'It will be said, did not France experience equal changes in politics and religion, during the middle ages, with the rest of Europe ? And yet, in spite of this, it has not resisted the introduction of the classic style, and has eschewed the romantic. History must resolve this question, and say that, the French theatre having formed itself about the middle of the seventeenth to the eighteenth century after that country had in a great degree modified the social scheme arising from the middle ages, it is not wonderful that the literature should share in the alterations of the national character. In fact, at the epoch in question, France was the stage of a multitude of civil wars and revolutions, which, separating the people from passive obedience, accustomed them to the discussion of political and religious questions, leaving to it a greater or less share in the government and management of the state. Thus, even in the midst of monarchy, the nation became accustomed to a half-republican liberty, which permitted or tolerated the censure and discussion of all sorts of opinions. By the introduction and general diffusion of the spirit of analysis, which is as favourable to sciences of fact as it is prejudicial to those of imagination and inward feeling, the French people became daily more separated from the monarchical spirit of the religious and chivalric enthusiasm of the heroic times of the middle ages. The study of Greek and Roman literature had great influence upon these modifications of society ; so that, having become general, notions and opinions concerning the uses and conditions of those ancient republics were so widely diffused, that

there was scarcely a well-educated Frenchman who did not pique himself on knowing more of the life of Brutus or Cassius, than of Du Guesclin or of Chevalier Bayard.'

This, he thinks, will account for the adoption of Grecian rules by the founders of the French drama. We, however, are inclined to take a different view of the case, and, indeed, at this moment have very strong suspicions that the French have no national drama at all. We think we can observe that there was a total absence of national character in France at the time when their tragedy came into being : a want of which, the discontinuance of the *Etats Generaux*, the gradual subjugation of the noblesse, and the triumph of arbitrary power in the hands of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV., must be looked to as the causes. These circumstances, by destroying the popular interest in the Government, and so crushing the principle of activity throughout the higher and lower classes, and concentrating the attention of all upon the miserable vanities of the Court, joined to the commanding situation which Louis occupied at the beginning of his reign, will amply account for the appearance of 'half-republican liberty' which our author observes. Miserable in all her internal economy, *la grande nation* consoled herself by reflecting how splendid a figure she made in the eyes of her neighbours ; and, while individuals had neither liberty of thought, word, nor act, they found for this loss abundant recompense in the vanity which prompted them to believe themselves the arbiters of Europe and the despots of the civilised world. Besides, the ferment of the freedom within, having no better means of manifestation, broke out into an inordinate admiration of ancient republicanism ; and the French did according to the law by which all slaves are usually the loudest talkers about liberty : hence they mouthed the sentences of Cato and Brutus with great zeal and self-satisfaction ; strutted and looked as big as they could, and talked of Aristides and Cimon, and became declamatory, and philosophical, and stern, and patriotic, all at once, and asserted themselves to be the Athenians of the civilised world. Under this state of things, the French drama arose, and naturally assumed the forms of a stage whose externals only they could assume, but whose spirit they could by no possibility partake.

It is with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of this little pamphlet : it is not distinguished by great originality ; but it recognises principles as foundations for judgment, and rescues criticism from the despotism of words under which it has so long laboured. But this is not the source of our greatest gratification ; that is the evidence which this book supplies of the existence in Spain of a germ which cannot perish, but must go on increasing in strength till it bears fruit an hundred-fold : the feelings and opinions which it recognises are connected with the best part of our nature and want only cultivation : they must ultimately prevail. In the mean time, let it be the consolation of this gentleman, that, as an excellent metaphysician and a good man, he has contributed his share to the future advancement of his country, and that he will have been no trifling benefactor to his countrymen, if he can inspire them with some of the admiration he feels for Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, Moreto, and Calderon.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Journal of a Naturalist. 12mo. p. 396. Murray. London, 1829.

THIS is a most delightful book, on the most delightful of all studies, the observation of nature in the gardens and fields, where alone her works can be correctly studied and justly appreciated ; and it is little more than a truism to say that there is not a star in the sky, a leaf in the grove, or an insect in the sun-beam, which does not or may not give origin to feelings, or, as Wordsworth beautifully expresses it, to

'Thoughts that lie too deep for tears.'

The author of the book before us is not a closet philosopher, a mere book naturalist, who puts himself in ecstasies on the possession of a rare specimen or a rare edition : the phenomena of nature, everchanging, ever new, are the books which he delights to peruse ; and, within the narrow boundaries of his village-fields or his farm-yard, he finds abundant scope for inquiry and research into what is frequently over-looked, ill-understood, or erroneously explained. A person of even moderate ingenuity and of the most moderate talents, can never be at a loss for a subject of inquiry, if he chooses to look around him ; but, when zeal, enthusiasm, and cleverness meet in an individual, (as they assuredly do in our author,) who turns his mind to the contemplation of nature, the results are certain to be no less rich than abundant.

We are acquainted with no previous work which bears any resemblance to this, except the Rev. Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne ;' the most fascinating piece of rural writing and sound English philosophy that ever issued from the press. It was, indeed, this very book, as our author confesses, which early impressed upon his mind an ardent love for all the ways and the economy of nature, and which first led him to the constant observance of the rural objects around him ; and we may, perhaps, be permitted to say, that we would not think well of any man who derived not from Mr. White's book some portion of the same spirit, more or less ardent as the case might be from previous bias, constitutional peculiarity, or accidental opportunities. With a secluded village-field to ramble in, and with the work of Mr. White or of our author in his hand, we venture to say there are few above the rank of the illiterate peasant who would not say with Coleridge,

'Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net-work : here will couch my
limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
And listening only to the pebbly stream
That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like sound
Tinkling, or bees that in the neighbouring trunks
Make honey hoards.'

We fully agree with our author, that it is surprising, amidst our general associations and commixtures in life, in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually flitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, that we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in, natural history ; or, if the subject obtain a moment's consideration, it has no 'abiding place' in the mind, and is dismissed as only fit for children and persons of inferior capacity. The natural historian, however, if he deserve the character, must attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies and the spinings of caterpillars ; his study is one of the most delightful occupations which employ a rational and inquisitive mind ; and perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more dignified than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence : it occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply ; and, while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralising Rambler admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion, which will communicate an interest to every rural perambulation. It is not necessary, as our author well remarks, for us to live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field ; but to pass them by in utter disregard, is to neglect a large portion of rational pleasure open to our view, which may edify and employ many a passing hour, and by easy gradations will often become the source from which contemplations of the highest order well forth in copious streams. In the work before us, this is exemplified in every page : we

select a specimen from the author's winter observations.

'Nov. 10.—Many effusions of the mind have been produced by the approach or existence of the seasons of our year, which seem naturally to actuate our bodily or mental feelings through the agency of the eye, or temperature of the air. The peculiar silence that prevails in autumn, like the repose of wearied nature, seems to mark the decline and termination of being in many things that animated our summer months; the singing of the bird is rare, feeble, and melancholy; the hum of the insect is not heard; the breeze passes by us like a sigh from nature; we hear it, and it is gone for ever. But it is the vegetable tribes, which at this season most particularly influence our feeling, and excite our attention. We see the fruits of the earth stored up for our use in that dull season "in which there will be neither earing nor harvest," the termination and reward of the labours of man. But this day, November 10, presented such a scene of life and mortality, that it could not be passed by without viewing it as an admonition, a display of what had been and is. There had occurred, during the night, a severe white frost; and, standing by a greenhouse filled with verdure, fragrance, and blossom, I was surrounded in every direction by the parents of all this gaiety, in blackness, dissolution, and decay. But the very day before, they had attracted the most merited admiration and delight by the splendour of their bloom and the vigour of their growth; but, now just touched by the icy finger of the night, they had become a mass of unsightly ruins and confusion. Once the gay belles of the parterre, they fluttered their hour, a generation of existent loveliness; their youthful successors, unpermitted to mingle with them, peeped from their retreat above, seeming almost to repine at their confinement: they have bloomed their day, another race succeeds, and their hour will be accomplished too. This was so perfectly in unison with the shifting scenes of life, the many changes of the hour, that it seemed inseparably connected with a train of reflection, with the precepts which all nature points out—her still small whisperings for the ears of those that can hear them.'—Pp. 391, 392.

Every occurrence is turned by our author into the subject of some useful or philosophical reflection, or made the basis of a series of observations for ascertaining some important fact in science, or some interesting result in rural economy. In this point of view, we were much pleased with his remarks upon the influence of atmospheric changes upon vegetation, and particularly with what he says of electricity.

'The effects of atmospheric changes upon vegetation have been noticed in the rudest ages; even the simplest people have remarked their influence on the appetites of their cattle, so that to "eat like a rabbit before rain" has become proverbial, from the common observance of the fact; but the influence of the electric fluid upon the common herbage has not been, perhaps, so generally perceived. My men complain to-day, that they cannot mow, that they "cannot any how make a hand of it," as the grass hangs about the blade of the scythe, and is become tough and woolly; heavy rains are falling to the southward, and thunder rolls around us; this indicates the electric state of the air, and points out the influence that atmospheric temperature and condition have upon organised and unorganised bodies, though, from their nature, not always manifested, all terrestrial substances being replete with electric matter. In the case here mentioned, it appears probable that the state of the air induced a temporary degree of moisture to arise from the earth, or to be given out by the air, and that this moisture conducted the electric fluid to the vegetation of the field. Experiments prove that electric matter, discharged into a vegetable, withers and destroys it; and it appeared to me at the time—but I am no electrician—that an inferior or natural portion of this fluid, such as was then circulating around, had influenced my grass in a lower degree, so as not to wither, but to cause it to flag, and become tough, or, as they call it in some counties, to "wilt;" the farina of the grass appeared damper than is usual, by its hanging about the blades of the scythes more than it commonly does; the stone removed it, as the men whetted them, just at the edge, but they were soon clogged again. As the thunder cleared away, the impediments became less obvious, and, by degrees, the difficulties ceased. The observance of local facts, though unimportant in themselves, may at times elucidate perplexities, or strengthen conclusions.'—Pp. 356, 357.

We may be permitted to add, that the power of electricity over the body is no less if not more

important to be studied than its influence on mowable grass. In fact, we can never enjoy health nor comfort without a proper portion of it in the system. When this portion is deficient, we feel languid and heavy, and very foolishly pronounce a libel on the blood which is quite innocent, while we never suspect the damp atmosphere of robbing us of our electricity. Yet so it is. In dry weather, whether it be warm, cold, or frosty, we feel light and spirited; because dry air is a slow conductor of electricity, and leaves us to enjoy its luxuries. In moist or rainy weather, we feel oppressed and drowsy; because all moisture greedily absorbs our electricity, which is the buoyant cordial of the body.

To remedy this inconvenience, we have only to discover a good non-conductor of electricity, to prevent its escape from the body; and this we have in silk, which is so excellent a non-conductor that the thunder-bolt, or the forked lightning itself, could not pass through the thinnest silk handkerchief, provided always that it be quite dry. Those, therefore, who are apt to become low-spirited and listless in damp weather, will find silk waistcoats, drawers, and stockings, the most powerful of all cordials. Flannel is also good, but nothing so powerful as silk. Wash-leather is likewise a non-conductor of electricity, and may be used by those who prefer it. But silk is by far the best, and those who dislike to wear flannel next to the skin, will find equal benefit by substituting cotton shirts, drawers, and stockings, with silk ones over them; or, where more heat is required, flannel ones between the cotton and the silk, for the silk should always be outermost.

Our naturalist's observations on animated nature form more than two-thirds of the volume; and, though they are not always novel to those who have studied the subject, they usually contain some interesting allusion, illustration, or turn of thought, which cannot fail to please and instruct the general reader. The following remarks illustrative of natural theology, struck us as being no less beautiful than correct:

'The extraordinary change of character which many creatures exhibit, from timidity to boldness and rage, from stupidity to art and stratagem, for the preservation of a helpless offspring, seems to be an established ordination of Providence, actuating in various degrees most of the races of animated beings; and we have few examples of this influencing principle more obvious than this of the missel bird, in which a creature addicted to solitude and shyness will abandon its haunts, and associate with those it fears, to preserve its offspring from an enemy more merciless and predaceous still. The love of offspring, one of the strongest impressions given to created beings, and inseparable from their nature, is ordained by the Almighty as the means of preservation under helplessness and want. Dependant, totally dependant, as is the creature, for every thing that can contribute to existence and support, upon the great Creator of all things, so are new-born feebleness and blindness dependant upon the parent that produced them; and to the latter is given intensity of love, to overbalance the privations and sufferings required from it. This love, that changes the nature of the timid and gentle to boldness and fury, exposes the parent to injury and death, from which its wiles and cautions do not always secure it: and in man the avarice of possession will at times subdue his merciful and better feelings. Beautifully imbued with celestial justice and humanity, as all the ordinations which the Israelites received in the wilderness were, there is nothing more impressive, nothing more accordant with the divinity of our nature, than the particular injunctions which were given in respect to showing mercy to the maternal creature cherishing its young, when by reason of its parental regard it might be placed in danger. The eggs, the offspring, were allowed to be taken; but "thou shalt in any wise let the dam go;" "thou shalt not, in one day, kill both an ewe and her young." "The ardent affection, the tenderness, with which I have filled the parent, is in no way to lead to its injury or destruction;" and this is enforced not by command only, not by the threat of punishment and privation, but by the assurance of temporal reward, by promise of the greatest blessings that can be found on earth, length of days, and prosperity.'—Pp. 248—250.

The extraordinary care of most animals to keep themselves clean, may be remarked by the most indifferent observer. The house-fly spends the greater portion of its time in brushing the dust from its wings: the cat, as she sits by the fire, employs a part of every day in smoothing her fur; birds, whether wild or tame, are frequently seen preening their feathers; and most animals may be observed carefully cleaning their young offspring with their tongues—a practice which, in the instance of the bear, led to the foolish notion that the cubs required to be licked into shape. Even where uncleanness characterises any animal, it is usually to serve some important purpose, as in the case lately recorded in 'The Athenæum,' of the rhinoceros encrusting itself with mud, as a protection from the gad-fly of the Desert. The following remarks of our author on this subject are excellent:

'The perfect cleanliness of these creatures is a very notable circumstance, when we consider that nearly their whole lives are passed in burrowing in the earth, and removing nuisances; yet such is the admirable polish of their coating and limbs, that we very seldom find any soil adhering to them. The mole, and some of the scarabæ, upon first emerging from their winter's retreat, are commonly found with earth clinging to them; but the removal of this is one of the first operations of the creature; and all the beetle race, the chief occupation of which is crawling about the soil, and such dirty employs, are notwithstanding remarkable for the glossiness of their covering, and freedom from defilements of any kind. But purity of vesture seems to be a principal precept of nature, and observable throughout creation. Fishes, from the nature of the element in which they reside, can contract but little impurity. Birds are unceasingly attentive to neatness and lustration of their plumage. All the slug race, though covered with slimy matter calculated to collect extraneous things, and reptiles, are perfectly free from soil. The fur and hair of beasts in a state of liberty and health is never filthy or sullied with dirt. Some birds roll themselves in dust, and occasionally particular beasts cover themselves with mire; but this is not from any liking or inclination for such things, but to free themselves from annoyances, or to prevent the bites of insects. Whether birds in preening, and beasts in dressing themselves, be directed by an instinctive faculty, we know not; but they evidently derive pleasure from the operation, and thus this feeling of enjoyment, even if the sole motive, becomes to them an essential source of comfort and of health.

'It may be noted probably by some, how frequently I recur to the causes and objects of the faculties, manners, and tendencies of animate and inanimate things. This recurrence springs from no cavil at the wisdom, no suspicion of the fitness, of the appointment, nor, I trust, from any excitement to presumptuous prying into paths which are in the great deep, and not to be searched out; but are humbly indulged from the pleasure which the contemplation of perfect wisdom, even in a state of ignorance, affords; and, if by any consideration we can advance one point nearer to the comprehension of what is hidden, we infinitely increase our satisfaction and delight.'—Pp. 309—311.

We have remarked several mistakes, chiefly of minor importance, in various parts of the work; some of them arising from deficient acquaintance with recent discoveries, and others from a slight bias towards theoretical speculation; but all these sins of omission and commission we are most willing to look upon as fully overbalanced by the frequent glimpses of originality which gleam out in almost every page, and the light, pleasant style of good-hearted cheerfulness which such pursuits are almost certain to beget, and which charms the reader on from page to page, as the gay butterfly leads on its juvenile pursuer from flower to flower, unwearied and unsatiated.

We cannot better conclude this notice (which we wish we could have afforded space to extend to thrice the length) than in the words of the author's own concluding reflections:

'Without considering the various sources of enjoyment and pleasure bestowed upon an intelligent creature, what a scene of glorious display might be opened to man through the agency of the eye alone! Motives we must abandon, as probably they are beyond our comprehension; but, were the powers of vision so en-

larged or cleared as to bring to observation the now unknown fabrication of animate and inanimate things, what astonishment would be elicited! The seeds, the pollen of plants, the capillary vessels and channels of their several parts, with their concurrent actions, the clothing of various creatures, and all that host of unperceived wisdom around us! Yet probably the mind, constituted as it now is, would be disturbed by the constant excitement such wonders would create; but at present, though sparingly searched out by the patient investigator, and but obscurely seen, they solace and delight; "cheer, but not inebriate."

"Oh good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man:
How glorious must that mansion be,
Where thy redeem'd shall live with thee!"

"And now I think I have pretty well run over my diary, the humble record of the birds, the reptiles, the plants, and inanimate things around me. They who have had the patience to read these my notes, will probably be surprised, that I could take the trouble to register such accounts of such things; and I might think so too, did I not know how much occupation and healthful recreation the seeking out these trifles has afforded me, rendering, besides, all my rural rambles full of enjoyment and interest: companions and intimates were found in every hedge, on every bank, whose connections I knew something of, and whose individual habits had become familiar by association; and thus this narrative of my contemporaries was formed. Few of us, perhaps, in reviewing our by-gone days, could the hours return again, but would wish many of them differently disposed of, and more profitably employed: but I gratefully say, that portion of my own passed in the contemplation of the works of nature is the part which I most approve; which has been most conducive to my happiness; and, perhaps, from the sensations excited by the wisdom and benevolence perceived, not wholly unprofitable to a final state, and which might be passed again, could I but obtain a clearer comprehension of the ways of Infinite Wisdom. If in my profound ignorance I received such gratification and pleasure, what would have been my enjoyment and satisfaction, "if the secrets of the Most High had been with me, and when by His light I had walked through darkness?"—Pp. 394—396.

Our readers, we think, will unanimously agree with us, that 'The Journal of a Naturalist' is a worthy companion to 'White's Natural History of Selborne'; and a higher character it would be impossible to give.

SECOND SERIES OF THE TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS.

The Collegians. A Novel, &c.

It has been complained of, (and we believe, among others, by ourselves,) that Ireland has had no national literature. This complaint was unjust, certainly. It is most true that Ireland has no title to claim Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith as Irish authors, however, unquestionably, they may have been Irish men. But it ought rather to have been said, that Ireland could not have had a national literature any more than Otaheite. The upper classes were, till lately, imperfect Englishmen, and the lower classes imperfect Irishmen. The one produced English books, (English in spirit,) and the other none at all. The beginnings at least of an Irish literature were, till within thirty years, but faintly visible in various dream-books, prophecies, and accounts of rogues and rapparees. From the time, however, when the Roman Catholics were permitted to be any thing better than hewers of wood and drawers of water, there have been increasing evidences of literary yearning and excitement among the 'mere Irish.' They are, in fact, only learning to be a nation; and we are inclined to think that their literature is now analogous in character to that of all immature countries. With the differences in form derived from the customs and tastes of the age in other parts of Europe, yet all that is inward and essential in modern Irish literature, corresponds very closely to the ballad poetry which has always been the earliest expression of a national feeling. Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Banim, both persons of remarkable talent, and the latter of a power which must, we think, develop itself into

genius of no ordinary kind,—these authors, however different in all other respects, yet are alike in this, that all their personages who stand out from the national mass, (excepting only Lady Geraldine in Ennui,) all those of whom we feel that the manner is, and ought to be, English, the lords, heroes, young ladies, and walking gentlemen, are comparatively vague and unmeaning; while every character which belongs purely to Ireland, which expresses itself in that strange but expressive *patois*, is admirably vivid and peculiar. Like the ballads, all that is genuine in the novels is impregnated with a purely national spirit, and is valuable only inasmuch as it manifests that spirit. Nor let it be said that the language of the lower orders of Irish is now English, and that therefore the aberrations from the English standard are mere surface differences. The grammar of this language is indeed nearly the same as that of ours; but, in all that constitutes the life and difference of language, in vital and characteristic idiom, the two languages are as distinct as a forty-shilling freeholder of Clare from an English peasant. This language is employed with most of neatness and terseness by Miss Edgeworth, with most of strength by Mr. Banim, with most of ease and variety by the author of 'The Collegians.' The two latter have unquestionably a great advantage over the lady in the originality and vigour of their conceptions; and we are inclined to think that, on the whole, they furnish us with a more valuable exhibition of Irish character and feeling.

There are, however, exceedingly important differences between these two brilliant writers. There is no one living who has a more intense and striking conception of situations than the author of 'The O'Hara Tales.' The strength of the Munster Tale-writer lies in dialogue. In description, they are about equally happy, and now and then equally turgid. In character, while Mr. Banim generally exhibits two or three individuals of wonderful energy and splendidly pictured, he is not so skilful as his less popular rival in the crowd of inferior personages.

The book before us contains a striking tale, and one very powerfully told. It is very superior to any previous performance by the same hand, which we happen to be acquainted with. The plot is shortly this:—A young man of good family, Hardress Cregan, (the name is not very happy,) falls in love with Eily O'Connor, a beautiful girl of very inferior rank to his own. He sees her in secret, and persuades her to elope with him from her father's house. He then conveys her to a lonely farm-house at no great distance from his home, where he wishes her to live in retirement until he can break the matter to his mother (the stronger spirit of his parents) and appease her anger. At this time, Anne Chute, a beautiful, highly-born, and accomplished heiress, the companion of his childhood, comes on a visit to his mother. She is secretly attached to Hardress, and the maternal influence is resolutely exerted to induce him to follow his fortune, and win Miss Chute's hand. He has not courage to declare his marriage, and only speaks of promises and pledges, which his mother urges him to despise. He is delighted by the elegant cultivation of the heiress's mind and manner, flattered by her preference of him to a thousand rivals, weary of the ignorance of his amiable wife, and ashamed of her origin; and he gives a humble dependant to understand that he wishes her to be got rid of, his words conveying a desire that she should be sent to America, while there is evidently some darker meaning in his mind. She disappears; and, from this time, amid some strange fits of passion, which are very vigorously delineated, he approaches to the crisis of his marriage with Miss Chute. In the mean time, the body of Eily is discovered; an investigation takes place, and, after some delay, Danny Mann, the murderer, is apprehended. He escapes, however, by Hardress's agency, and promises to leave the country. The young man soon after meets him again, and, in his fury at

still finding him in Ireland, strikes him. Danny, thereupon, gives himself up to justice, and informs against his master, who is seized on his wedding-day, and transported for life. Miss Chute, a reasonable delay having intervened, marries a lover whom she had formerly rejected, Kyrle Daly, another uncouth name, and the second 'Collegian.'

The various pictures into which this story is thrown, are generally of great depth and beauty. The artist has a free and potent pencil; and, as the figures are arranged with care and spirit, so all the accessories are admirable. The dialogue is always abundant and lively, and amply exhibits the character in the mind of the author. For the personages themselves, there is much less to be said. The different periods of the same character are inconsistent with each other; and the love of the women, especially, is very feeble. Eily O'Connor is weak and passive to an absurd degree. Miss Chute is not very impassioned, and we observe in her an instance of a propensity, remarkable in several of the best Irish novels, that of making young ladies be in love with two people at the same time. We are not young ladies; but we are inclined to think that sincerity and permanence in first love is possible; and, at all events, we are sure that the belief in that possibility is, if a delusion, yet among the most agreeable. Hardress Cregan, again, does not appear to us to *hang together*. There is, indeed, no particular portion of this or any other character in the book which is not displayed with great ability. But the different portions are inconsistent, and we are not sure that the state of his mind, after his alienation from Eily O'Connor, would be natural to any man in any circumstances. Yet, as to force of colouring, it is one of the most extraordinary parts of a work, the whole of which is untamed, impressive, and various, in no ordinary degree. We quoted an extract from the beginning of the work last week. This is in a different style.

'The hospitalities of Castle Chute were on this evening called into active exercise. If the gravest occasion of human life, the vigil of the dead, was not in those days always capable of restraining the impetuous spirit of enjoyment so much indulged in Irish society, how could it be expected that a mere anxiety for the interests of justice could interrupt the flow of their social gaiety? Before midnight, the house rang with laughter, melody, and uproar, and, in an hour after, every queue in the servant's hall was brought into a horizontal position. Even the three that stalked on guard were said to oscillate on their posts with an ominous motion, as the bells in churches forebode their fall when shaken by an earthquake.

'Hardress continued too unwell to make his appearance, and this circumstance deprived the company of the society of Anne Chute, and, indeed, of all the ladies, who took a quiet and rather mournful cup of tea by the drawing-room fire. The wretched subject of their solicitude lay burning on his bed, and listening to the boisterous sounds of mirth that proceeded from the distant parlour, with the ears of a dreaming maniac.

'The place in which his former boatman was confined had been a stable, but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small, and roughly paved. The rack and manger were yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof, admitted certain glimpses of moonshine, which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus the Fifth. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, heaped against the wall, and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode back and forward before the stable-door, and hummed with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the words.

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears!"

'A small square window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a lay-yard, which, being raised considerably above the level of the stable-floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potatoe reeking hot, which he had cooked

in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was put gently back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head were thrown, with great distinctness of outline, on the opposing wall; the other shutter was put back with the same caution, and, in a few moments, nearly the whole aperture was again obscured, as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance at least, more gloomy than ever.

"The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face, which was revealed in the brown fire-light, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghastliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire, (for he had only wrapt the counterpane around his person,) might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow, his jaw dropt—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Master Hardress," he said at length, "is it you I see dat way?"

Hardress remained for some time motionless as a statue, as if endeavouring to summon up all his corporeal energies to support him in the investigation which he was about to make.

"Won't you speak to me master?" continued the boatman, "won't you speak a word itself? 'Twas all my endeavour since I came hether to thry an' get 'em to let me speak to you. Say a word, master, if it is only to tell me 'tis yourself that's there!"

"Where is Eily?" murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulchre.

The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice itself. So suddenly had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it, before he could collect his breath for an answer.

"Master Hardress, I thought, after I parted you dat time—"

"Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, Sir, one moment—"

"Where is Eily?"

"Oh, vo! vo!"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seen to move, and yet he raged beneath it. A few moans of deep, but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with floods of tears and sobbing.

"Master Hardress," he said, "if there's any thing that I can do to make your mind aisy, say the word. I know dis is my own business, an' no one else's. An' if dey find me out, itself, dey'll never be one straw de wiser of who advised me to it. If you tink I'd tell, you don't know me. Dey may hang me as high as dey like;—dey may flake de life out o' me, if dey please, but dey never 'll get a word outside my lips of what it was dat made me do it. Didn't dey try me to-day, an' didn't I give 'em a sign o' what I'd do?"

"Peace, hypocrite!" said Hardress, disgusted at a show of feeling to which he gave no credit. "Be still, and hear me. For many years back, it has been my study to heap kindness upon you! For which of those was it, that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse for all my future life,—a little all, it may be, certainly?"

"It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master, while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took

place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

"I don't know how it is, master Hardress," he said, "Dere are some people dat it is hard to please. Do you remember saying anything to me at all of a time in de room at de master's at Killarney, Master Hardress? Do you remember givin' me a glove at all? I had my token, surely, for what I done."

So saying, he drew the glove from the folds of his waistcoat, and handed it to his master. But the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

"I thought I had ears to hear, dat time, an' brains to understand," said Danny, as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, "an' I'm sure, it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue and cry over de mountains after a lost lady, an' a chance of a hempen cravat for my trouble. But I had my warrant. Dat was your very word, master Hardress, warrant was 'nt it? Well, when you go, says you, 'here is your warrant.' An' you ga' me de glove. Wor'nt dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress. "I did not say for death."

"I own you did'nt," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I own you did'nt. I felt for you, an' I would'nt wait for you to say it. But did you mane it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed, with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright heaven, I did not. If you crowd in among my accusers at the judgment-seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer, that I do at present. I did not mean to practise on her life. As I shall meet with her before that judge, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it Danny. Did I not warn you not to touch her life?"

"You did," said Danny, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he mains. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you'll persuade me to it, I'll own dat there is nothing as I see it. You may tell me, I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat the moon is shining through dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I'll not gainsay you, after dis. But listen to me, Master Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning; an' as sure as I'm here, an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From every ting. Listen hether. Did'nt you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat if I was to make dat offer again, you'd tink different? An' didn't you gif me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after I putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it's all one. An' now to call me out o' my name, an' tell me I done it all for harm! Dear knows, it was'nt for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it, dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Master Hardress listen to me. Eily O'Connor is in Heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere, dey tell us, of all our doings, good and bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books, an' my name, (I'm sore afeerd,) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in which ever o' dem books my name is wrote, your own is not far from it."

As he spoke those words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shown, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face, and uplifted arm of the deformed, and gave him the appearance of a fiend, denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise upon the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his dragged and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture contined but for a second, yet it remained engraved upon the sense of Hardress, and, like the yelling of the hounds, haunted him, awake and dreaming, to his death. The fire again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision of the epiphautes, and, like a vision, faded.

They were aroused from the pause to which this slight incident gave occasion, by hearing the sentinel arrest his steps as he passed before the door, and remain silent in his song, as if in the act of listening.

"All right within there?" said the sentinel with his head to the door.

"All's right your way, but not my way," returned Danny, sulkily.

In a few minutes they heard him shoulder his mus-

ket once again, and resume his walk, humming with an air of indifference, the same old burthen:—

"We wo'n't go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears."

Hardress remained gazing on his servant for some moments, and then said in a whisper:

"He has not heard us, as I feared. It is little worth, at this time, to consider on whom the guilt of this unhappy act must fall. We must at least avoid the shame, if possible. Could I depend on you once again, if I assisted in your liberation, on the understanding that you would at once leave the country?"

"The eyes of the prisoner sparkled with a sudden light. "Do you tink me a fool?" he said. "Do you tink a fox would refuse to run to earth, wit the dogs at his bush?"

"Here then!" said Hardress, placing a purse in his hand, "I have no choice but to trust you. This window is unguarded. There is a pathway to lead you through the hay-yard, and thence across the field in the direction of the road. Depart at once, and without farther question."

"But what'll I do about that fellow?" said Danny. "Dat sentry comes by constant dat way you hear him now, axing me if all's right?"

"I will remain here and answer for you," said Hardress, "until you have had time to escape. In the mean time, use your utmost speed, and take the road to Cork, where you will be sure to find vessels ready to sail. If ever we should meet again on Irish soil, it must be for the death of either, most probably of both."

"An 'is dis de way we part after all?" said Danny. "Well, den, be it so. Perhaps after you tink longer of it, master, you may tink better of me."

So saying, he sprung on the manger, and ascended (notwithstanding his hurt), with the agility of a monkey, to the window. A touch undid the fastening, and in a few moments Hardress became the sole occupant of the temporary dungeon.

He remained for a considerable time, leaning with his shoulder against the wall, and gazing with a vacant eye on the decaying fire. In this situation, the sentinel challenged several times in succession, and seemed well content with the answers which he received. But the train of thought which passed through the mind of Hardress became at length so absorbing that the challenge of the soldier fell unheard upon his ear. After repeating it without avail three or four times, the man became alarmed, and, applying the butt of his musket at the door, he forced it without much effort. His astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of his little prisoner, he beheld a tall figure wrapt in white and a ghastly face on which the embers shed a dreary light. The fellow was a brave soldier, but (like all people of that class in his time) extremely superstitious. His brain, moreover, was heated with whiskey punch, and his imagination excited by numberless tales of horror which had been freely circulated in the servant's hall. Enough only remained of his presence of mind, to enable him to give the alarm by firing his musket, after which he fell senseless on the pavement. Hardress, no less alarmed on his own part, started into sudden energy, and climbing to the window, with an agility surpassing that of the fugitive, hurried off in the direction of his sleeping chamber.

There were few in the house who were capable of adopting any vigorous measures on hearing the alarm. Hastening to the spot, they found the sentinel lying senseless across the stock of his musket, the stable door open, and the prisoner fled. The man himself was enabled, after some time, to furnish a confused and broken narrative of what he had seen, and his story was in some degree confirmed by one of his comrades, who stated that at the time when the shot was fired, he beheld a tall white figure gliding rapidly amongst the hay-stacks towards the end of the little enclosure, where it vanished in the shape of a red heifer.—Pp. 195—212.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS DUBARRI.

Memoirs of the Countess Dubarri. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.

THE present period might well be styled the Golden Age of Memoirs. Never were they published in greater abundance, never were they read with more avidity, especially when filled with scandal. Now-a-days, every one calls up his recollections to commit them to paper; and the common object of all is, who shall most successfully explore the haunts of shame, error, vice,

and intrigue, and, by indiscreet disclosures, furnish food for malignity. Unfortunately for the booksellers, the events of the close of the 18th century, and the beginning of the 19th, and the important persons who, during that period, were connected with the court and with diplomacy, are but little adapted to figure in such works. Some there are concerning it,—but they are mere small-talk,—old recollections without any attraction for curiosity,—the authors of which endeavoured, by disclosures which they took good care to make complete or true, but which might easily have been dispensed with, to arrive at a species of immortality of which they will never know the beginning. But the memoirs of the age of Louis XV. possess a character altogether peculiar. That was the time when the favourites of the prince were the only persons who could make recitals full of interest, and charm, and truth,—when love and politics withdrew the veil from their faults and failings. For them, or by them, every thing was done. Their boudoirs were the cabinets of the monarch and his ministers: all the gallants of the court, and the hoary *roués* of the regency, shouldered or insinuated themselves into their saloons.

Among those favourites, the Marchioness of Pompadour and the Countess Dubarri, having longest kept possession of the prince, have been pleased to make disclosures to us both curious and gay, and have sketched, with a vivid and skilful pencil, the portraits of persons, some of whom were raised by credit, while others, in spite of their lofty birth and haughty feelings, crawled at their feet. Madame Dubarri has left us some memoirs truly written, in the form of an epistolary journal, which the Paris booksellers have published, judiciously substituting the convenient plan of division into chapters, with summaries prefixed, but in which, with a puritanism rather misplaced, they have purged the style of the authoress, which is always spirited, and frequently picturesque.

Louis XV., who was so much engrossed by love when he came to the throne, and during the regency and the ignoble domination of Cardinal Dubois,—Louis XV., who so little deserved the name of 'well-beloved,' which the stupid vulgar, or his base and flattering courtiers, gave him,—an indolent king, an uneasy and a jealous father, and the unsafe friend of his young companions,—whose love was pleasure, whose religion terror,—enfeebled by his passions,—leaving either to his ministers or his mistresses the reins of government,—at once a devotee and a libertine, without giving, like his predecessor, the air of the most seductive gallantry and passion to his adulterous amours,—incessantly swelling, by his profusion, the debt of the state without contriving any means for its liquidation,—contributing to give a false direction to continually increasing knowledge,—affecting indifference for men who, by the splendour of their talents and the liveliness of their imaginations, did honour to his reign;—such a prince, when once he had got rid of his scruples, (for he entertained them a long time,) could not but bring on the reign of favouritism and depravity. The ladies of his court were first the objects of his desires. Five sisters of the family of Nesle, whose fortune was not equal to their birth, and whom nature, though with much diversity, had endowed with her most precious gifts, had the most easy access to the queen. Madame de Mailly, the eldest of them, good, simple, free from artifice, liable to weakness, but capable of great constancy, was the first mistress of the young prince. The courtiers had but little fear of any ascendancy that she might gain: she was not pretty. This intrigue was involved in mystery; but the second sister, Mademoiselle De Nesle, afterwards Marchioness of Ventimilla, had already, in the retirement of a convent, conceived the plan of becoming Madame De Mailly's rival. Divested of timidity, now flattering the prince and now his ministers,

now pretending gaiety and now decorum, she made a conquest of the king, who, then taking the first bold step in the career of scandal, publicly avowed her as his mistress. She died. Mademoiselle De la Tournelle, blooming with beauty, and pretending to blush at the example of her two sisters, aspired to replace them. She inflamed the monarch by the indifference with which she pretended to receive his homage; but, yielding at length after she had sufficiently resisted, she was created by her royal lover, Duchess of Châteauroux. She also was overtaken by death. The King was, for a long inconsolable for this loss; but, the dissipation of a brilliant and corrupt court having effaced the sad impression from his mind, and wakened him to the necessity of fresh delights, he formed a plan for the conquest of the remaining sister. The Duke de Richelieu, who prided himself on having been intrusted with this infamous affair, was righteously doomed to the shame of its mis-carriage. She was replaced by the Marchioness D'Étiolle, afterwards Duchess de Pompadour, who, though a stranger, from taste and education, to the art of governing, rapidly attained an empire as absolute as that of the Cardinal De Fleury. The first use that she made of her power was to co-operate with the Duke de Choiseul in the expulsion of the Jesuits. She also died; and Louis XV., who had shown so great an attachment to her, manifested his extreme insensibility by exclaiming as the funeral passed, 'The Marchioness will have fine weather for her journey to-day.'

Soon after, the Queen died; and, while the courtiers were plotting to dissipate the ennui of the old King by the exhibition of *fêtes*, a young courtesan stole into the royal bed, intoxicated his senses, obtained, by voluptuous refinements, a firmer empire than love itself would have yielded her, and became, without hoping, and, perhaps, without desiring it, the arbitress of the destinies of France. Her name was Mlle. Lange, and she lived with one of the corruptest men in the capital, the Count Dubarri, whose last resource was to rent a gambling-house; where, in order to increase its celebrity, he used to exhibit Mlle. Lange, whose beauty was amazingly striking, notwithstanding early prostitution. So speaks a severe historian of the heroine of whose memoirs we are about to give some account; who, though the successor of so many women, renowned as well for their wit as for their beauty, obtained a still greater ascendancy over the old King than they.

It will be curious to see how Madame Dubarri judges herself in the letters which she addresses to her friend M. De N—, and in which, despising concealment and *mensonges de position*, this woman, who paid so dearly for her bad fame, relates without disguise whatever she has seen, whatever she has said, whatever she has done, under the persuasion that the royal favour purified her past life, and absolved her by anticipation from the consequences of all subsequent aberrations. 'I will not,' says she, 'imitate the example of De Stael, of whom it is said, that she only painted herself to the bust. I wish to give a full-length portrait of myself.'

The history of her scandalous life is the history of almost all the distinguished ladies of her time. We give the following anecdote to justify our opinion, and to show the style and manner in which Madame Dubarri makes her disclosures.

[The French Correspondent to whom we are indebted for this review had here introduced an extract, which we doubt not might have been published with great innocence in a Parisian Journal. But we are not quite persuaded that the purity of a reviewer's intentions is a sufficient excuse for an editor in giving insertion to passages which would affront the feelings of those readers whose feelings are most entitled to respect and deference. At the risk, therefore, of appearing ridiculously puritanical to our friends in France, and with the certainty of making the review much less lively in the estimation of many friends in England, we have ventured to put an abrupt period to this article.—Ed.]

THE DRY ROT.

The Cause of Dry Rot Discovered: with a Description of a Patent Invention for preserving Decked Vessels from Dry Rot and Goods on board from damage by Heat. By John George, Esq., Barrister-at-law. 8vo., pp. 186. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

A DRY subject, most people may think and say; but, in the hands of Mr. George, it has proved so far otherwise, that we have not lately seen a work written with more animation, though he never wanders for a single line from his subject in search of embellishment. He is no less philosophic in his views than graphic in stating them; and, if he is a young man, and can speak as well as he can write, we have no doubt that he will soon rise and succeed in his profession, as well, if not better, than in preserving ships, &c., from dry-rot. Mr. George was led to the investigation of the cause of dry-rot, by remarking its progress in the door of a wine-cellar belonging to him in Chancery-lane. Upon his first discovery of the state of the door, which looked 'as dry as kecks,' he began to turn the subject in his mind in the following ingenious manner:

'It cannot be the wet, because the wet has never touched the decayed part. The paint on the door has kept the wet even from touching any part of the timber itself; till now, that, from having become so completely rotten as not to be able any longer to retain its own shape and original form, it has shrunk and cracked, and even now the wet does not appear to have entered the crack, and reached the rotten part. If it were the wet, must it not have decayed the outside first, just as it rusts iron, while the interior remains sound? But here the outside is the soundest part, and it showed no symptom of decay till after the interior had become completely rotten, so completely so as for the surface to have shrunk inwards from the loss of substance in the interior, and for want of internal support, or perhaps from the same cause, to have been pressed inwards by the weight of the atmosphere. Then, can it be the air that has done it? There are the same answers to this supposition as to the former; namely, that the paint has kept the air from coming into any actual contact with the timber, and that it is the interior of the timber that has first become rotten. It cannot be the want of air, because the air always has been in contact with it as much as it can be in contact with timber painted; and, if it were this, all painted timber must become dry-rotten, which is not found to be the case. Can it be the want of a circulation of air? I should think not. I cannot understand how the want of the air being in continual motion, or being commonly in motion, against the outside of timber, can rot it in the interior, without first decaying the outside. Is it foul air? The same answer applies, that, if so, we should naturally expect it to decay the outside first; to decay that which it touched, and not that which it did not touch. Besides, there is no foul air here that I can perceive. The servants' water-closet, indeed, is just within the outer vault; and, sometimes when the water-cock is neglected to be turned, the common smell of a privy is very perceptible. But the water-closet is close to the outer door, which is not dry-rotten, whilst it is nine or ten feet distant from the inner door, which is so. Besides which, I never heard that the dry rot was particularly prevalent in places of this description.

'Again, it can neither be the light nor the darkness of the place that has caused the rot. For, with respect to the first, the door, even when the outer door of the outer vault is open, is never in the full light of day. And, with respect to the darkness being supposed to have caused it, the interior of all timber is always in the dark, and moreover, if this were the case, all timber must be dry rotting during the night, and the inner sides of all dark closets, cupboards, and drawers, both night and day.

'It cannot be the cold of the place where the door is fixed, that has caused the rot, because it is never so cold there as it often is at the outside of the outer door, and of all our outer doors. On the other hand, it cannot be the heat of the place, because it is never so hot there, as, in summer, it is in the open air, to which all our outer doors and windows are exposed. It cannot then be caused by the door, or other timbers, being placed in a high temperature, or by its being placed in a low temperature. What, then, thought I, can heat have nothing to do with it? Can it be caused neither by heat, nor by cold, nor by changing from heat to

bold. Stop! That does not follow. But how? How is this door affected by the changes of the temperature? I have it—I have found it out. It is the heat which is so constantly working its way, in such a quantity, through the timber of the door, in the one direction or the other, and which, now that some frost has come, is working its way out, and leaving behind it all that wet which it has deposited against the inner side of the door within the vault, and which is now running so plentifully, and making a little pool of water in the ground, that has caused the decay. It is this heat, so almost continually forcing its way through the door into and out of the vault by turns, and, in so doing, coming into immediate contact with, and exerting an action of some sort on, the whole of the interior of the timber, that has, by degrees, effected its decomposition as timber, and made it so rotten as it is. It was by turning the subject in my mind, and sifting and scrutinizing it in this manner, that I came to make my discovery of the cause of the decay.'—P. 13.

Without more space than we can spare, and without the aid of plates, we could not do justice to the invention which Mr. George contrived, in consequence of the above ingenious reasonings; but we conceive that there are few who are interested in the subject, after perusing the detail just given, that will not procure and read the volume for themselves. In fact, from the graphic manner in which it is written, it will prove interesting to many who have no concern whatever with the subject of dry rot.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

The Manual for Invalids. By a Physician. 12mo., pp. 368. Bull. London, 1829.

It was remarked by Voltaire, when his 'Henriade' was attacked by the critics, that it was much easier to find fault than to execute; and, if they did not think his poem a good one, they might write a better if they were able. This, however, is a sort of game which critics seldom choose to play; but, when they do venture upon such comparative trials of skill, they cannot refuse to be tried in the same balance with the works of those whom they have volunteered to rival. The author of 'The Manual for Invalids' is precisely such a critic, and boldly (we might with more justice say imprudently) places his criticism as a frontispiece to his book, thus:

'It has been too long the custom of writers on Popular Medicine to direct their attention rather to sketching the outline of all the maladies that flesh is heir to, than judiciously to unfold the true nature of health and of disease, lead the non-medical reader by the route which is open to reason; and, by thus placing the light on his path, enable him to see his own way. They have laboured rather to make a grammar of health, than to give available advice, classing with precision causes, symptoms, and remedies for cure; but leaving the patient to apply them without judgment, as one would direct a blind man on his way, by describing to him minutely the road-side scenery through which he was to pass.'

'The object of the writer of this manual is to instruct his fellow-creatures, first to know what health consists of, then to lead their judgment to the care of it while it is in their possession, and to the regaining of it when disease may have deprived them of it. So various are the shades in disease, so complicated the circumstances accompanying it, that, to place a list of treatises, on acknowledged divisions, in the hands of a non-medical reader, must be, if not dangerous, at least of little use. But, to lay before him a series of instructions and advices, drawn up with a view to open his mind to his true state regarding his health—to enable him to say, "Thus far should I go, and no farther: here, I can assist my health, and here should consult my physicians." This is surely desirable. To this one great object, then, is the "Manual for Invalids" directed; and the writer trusts that a long life, devoted to the study of the laws of the animal economy, and to the circumstances which precede the change of health to disease, has qualified him for the task he thus undertakes. He also trusts that his book will be read with interest, alike to those in health and disease; that it will bear to be read "twice and again" by the invalid; that it will instruct as well as interest; and that the reader, above all, will derive practical benefit, as regards the greatest of all human blessings, health.'—Preface.

In Dr. Johnson's time it was very common to employ a different person from the author to write the preface to a book; and, though the practice has long, we believe, gone into disuse, we strongly suspect that this very preface is an attempt at its revival. If it is not so, the author must have looked at his performance through a very partial medium; for there is not, throughout, a single page of the book which has the slightest accordance with these prefatorial promises. 'That his book will "bear to be read twice and again," will depend on the patience of readers; but that it will require to be read much oftener before it can be understood at all by the non-medical reader, we are positive. The author, or rather the writer of the preface, talks, as we have just seen, of "placing the light on his path;" but, if such light have been any where placed, it must have subsequently been either puffed out, put "under a bushel," or enveloped in clouds of murky vapour, so as not even to leave a sufficient glimmer to render the darkness visible. What, for example, is a non-medical reader to make of "thoracic viscera;" "vascular excitement;" "accumulation of high irritability;" "carbonaceous matter;" "ducts of sebaceous glands;" and a countless multitude of similar technical terms carefully culled from the slang of the medical schools, not to mention a few of his own peculiar coining, such as, "an impetuous strain of consumption," producing "a violent pulse;" "the stream of vital consumption?" &c. &c.'

The didactic parts of the volume, where we expect, according to the tenor of the preface, to meet with practical advice, contain little besides a string of truisms and common-places, couched in that sort of pseudo-scientific style, which with some may make them pass for profound. For example: 'The science of pathology and therapeutics, though taught upon general principles, must be practised, therefore, by the standard of the practitioner's ability; and both success and failure will occasionally occur, not only according to the acquirements, but also to the precision, of ideas and natural talent, of every practitioner;' (page 304;) which, being stripped of verbiage, is nothing more than the profound truism—a physician can only do what he can. This, we suppose, is what is alluded to in the preface, as to what cases it may be requisite to consult a physician. In the next page he goes on to say, 'The author has before mentioned his conviction, that ignorance is the fruitful parent of error and misery, in every thing connected with the well-being of man. Fatal errors are often committed in common life.' (Page 305.) In fact, the work is chiefly made up of such useless nothings, many of the truisms having no relation whatever to the professed subject of the book.

The author, however, conceives himself quite 'qualified for the task of instructing invalids.' Why? Because he has 'devoted a long life to the study of the animal economy.' This is precisely the fallacy by which the vulgar are led in their choice of a physician, thinking that experience will always confer skill; whereas the very reverse is frequently the case, when the physician is deficient in the mental powers requisite to take advantage of the experience afforded him. We are sorry to say that our author appears to rank decidedly in this class; and, so far from being able to instruct others, he would require to go to school again himself. This position we could prove with ease from almost every page of his book, which can be of no earthly use to any invalid who does not know two or three hundred of the hardest medical terms.

ENGRAVINGS.

Portrait of George IV. By Finden. Moon and Boys.

This magnificent engraving was noticed in our columns before it was produced to the public; and since its appearance it has been received with such an unanimous shout of approbation, that any observations

we could now make upon it would be idle. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the greatest engraving of its kind, and one which raises Finden's reputation immensely above its former very high level. If there is any fault in a work very nearly faultless, we should be inclined to particularise the right arm as somewhat too stiff.

York Minster. By Harwood. Colnaghi.

There is a melancholy interest belonging to this print, which would procure it popularity even if its intrinsic merits were less considerable than they are; it is fully entitled, however, on that score, to public approbation.

The Princess Victoria. Dedicated by especial permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Engraved by T. Woolnath, from a picture painted by Anthony Stewart.

This miniature is in every way exquisite. It is an unpretending, but most graceful, and we are persuaded most accurate, reproduction of a face replete with intelligence and sweetness. The clear calm eyes, and expressive English beauty of the child, who, we trust, will one day be our sovereign, are, of right, precious to the feelings of Englishmen. And it is the more satisfactory to be put in mind so delightfully of the existence of the Princess Victoria, inasmuch as she is at present the only bar between the throne and a successor whose virtues and abilities we had rather should be appreciated in a foreign country than wasted at home on a people insensible to such merits.

The Passage of the Red Sea. Engraved by Phillips, from the Picture by Danby.

Most of our readers have probably seen or heard of the picture of which this engraving is a copy. In its general character it must at once remind every one of Mr. Martin's celebrated works. And, undoubtedly, we are giving any picture very high praise when we say, as we do of this, that, in force of conception, it is worthy of that artist. In the arrangement of the design, so as to diversify the subject by just gradations, and make every portion contribute to the unity of effect, Mr. Danby seems to us superior to his eminent rival. In the management of the details, also, he is more judicious, accurate, and elegant; nor do his personages bear so much resemblance to *hippopotami* as we learn, from the evidence of Mr. Martin's picture, was the case with the people of Nineveh. We rejoice exceedingly at the appearance of this engraving, inasmuch as it will tend to familiarise the public with the creations of a great artist. The humanising influence of the fine arts is one of the best among the many causes now at work to give society a different colour from that which it has hitherto worn in England. Among the innumerable evil tendencies, it is well that we have some good ones; and we know of none with which less ill is mixed than that which disposes to the cultivation of a tranquil, sympathising eye for sculpture, painting, and architecture. We should exult, as Protestants, at seeing the stupid paradox of some German quacks about the incompatibility of our religion with a high development of the fine arts, refuted by our own experience. And we trust that the present manifest improvement in the English schools of painting and sculpture is only the prelude to an epoch which will show that the world, that the country of 'Shakspeare has something in its genius akin to that of Raphael.'

ERRATA.—We owe many apologies to Mr. Bernays, the author of 'The German Anthology,' which was noticed and praised in our last Number, for ascribing his very useful little work to Mr. Bowring. The blunder was merely an ordinary printing accident, but as it was just possible, though not very likely, that Mr. Bowring should have written the work in question, we have thought it our duty to correct it. Through similar carelessness also, Ridgway was mentioned as the publisher of Lord Redesdale's Letter, instead of Hatchard.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

PAGE.	PAGE.
Shakspeare's Songs . . . 145	The Freemason . . . 155
The Spanish Drama . . . 146	Foreign Varieties . . . 156
Natural History . . . 147	Hoakings' Lectures on . . . 157
Munster Tales (2d Series) . . . 149	Architecture . . . 157
Memoirs of Mad. Dubarri . . . 150	Poetry—Clouds . . . 157
The Dry Rot . . . 151	The Theatres . . . 158
Popular Medicine . . . 152	Popular Literature . . . 158
New Engravings . . . 152	List of Books published . . . 159
Sporting Maxims . . . 153	during the Week . . . 159
Excursion on the Danube . . . 154	Meteorological Table . . . 159

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

No. IV.

MAXIMS.

* Learn of the wise and perpend.—*As You Like It.*

MAXIM I.

Introductory.

HYPERCRITICAL Reader, peradventure thou wilt question the propriety of putting my Maxims under the above title; but rest thee quiet. If they be not actual reminiscences, they are things to be committed to memory, which is all the same thing.

MAXIM II.

Hunting.

Whilst yet in a state of primitive innocence, man hunted (or might have hunted, if he had chosen) over an unenclosed country. Double ditches and dry-stone dykes are as certainly the effect of the fall of one man as they are the cause of the fall of many.

MAXIM III.

In leaping, some hold on by the hands, some by the knees, and some by the calf of the leg. I rather incline to the last of these; but, if thou hast any natural deficiencies in that respect, thou canst make choice of the former.

MAXIM IV.

If thou shouldst chance to be galloping through a field of young wheat, and, on hearing a shout behind thee, thou shouldst look round and espy a man running after thee, with a florid complexion, and a hedge-stick in his hand, **TARRY NOT A MOMENT**, how earnest so ever he may appear in his endeavour to overtake thee; for it may be that he is the bearer of ill tidings, and it is the property of a wise man to snatch such brief moments of bliss as lie in his way in this world of care without heed to the future.

MAXIM V.

When thou first gettest a red hunting-coat, thou wilt, no doubt, feel either awkward or proud therein, according to thy temperament, under the idea that every one is looking at thee. This may be; in some measure, obviated, by having the tails of the said garment, previous to wearing it, dabbled in any kind of liquid, until they assume an orthodox tinge of dingy purple; for, paradoxical as it may seem, bright scarlet has a green appearance in some cases.

MAXIM VI.

Dogs.

If thy dogs be old and experienced, let them at all times have their own way as much as possible, provided it do not lead them to commit any positive fault; for it is odds but they know better where to find game than thou dost.

MAXIM VII.

On no account strike a dog with thy ramrod, or thou wilt find, when too late, that dogs never are, and ramrods always are, broken by such means.

MAXIM VIII.

When thy dog is in peril of being run over, rather let him take his chance than attempt to call him out of the way, unless, by so doing, you make him turn his head towards the object, whereby he is endangered*.

* If thou hast not sufficient 'inward perception of divine truth' to see the rationale of this maxim, *fat experimentum in corpore vili*: call the first old lady's pug-dog which thou mayest see under such circumstances, and I warrant that the brute will be so bewildered between duty on the one side and danger on the other, that he will quickly fall a sacrifice to thy thirst after knowledge, whereupon, if the old lady (who will no way suspect that thou hast caused her bereavement) be rich, and thou hast the wit to improve the opportunity to thine advantage by suitable condolences and lamentations, the experiment will be attended with the following satisfactory results: firstly, thou wilt have ascertained the truth of my maxim, secondly, thou wilt have added to thy stock of know-

MAXIM IX.

Some like a long dock and some like a short dock. I hold it to be heresy to dock a dog's tail at all.

MAXIM X.

If thou wishest a first-rate dog, and hast opportunity, break him thyself, and, among other things, see that thou teach him to drop to hand: this thou mayest effect in a single lesson by pushing him down, and holding thy hand up, (retiring at the same time,) and thou wilt find it an immense advantage among wild birds.

MAXIM XI.

Guns.

Various contradictory opinions exist as to the proper loading of guns. Colonel Hawker will tell thee to put in equal quantities of powder and shot; thy grandfather, on the other hand, will enjoin twice as much shot as powder; wherefore, pin thy faith to no man's sleeve, but try for thyself. I have tried all ways, from all; shot and no powder to no shot and all powder. The former of these plans I could not get to act at all; and the latter, though brilliant in its promise, I could not reduce to any practical utility. As the result of many experiments, I am of opinion that truth lies between.

MAXIM XII.

Some, when they pull the trigger, shut neither of their eyes; some shut the left; and some both. Of these the first is the best, if thou canst accustom thyself to it; the second is the most common; and the third, though disadvantageous to thine aim, is undoubtedly the safest.

MAXIM XIII.

Whoso wishes for a practical exposition of the fallacy of Hawker's principle, let him take a common garden water-engine, and pump the same: he will find that, up to a certain point, the water will be delivered in a clear full stream; but that, on application of any additional force, so far from any advantage being gained thereby, it will be sputtered about in every direction: even so it is with Colonel Hawker.

MAXIM XIV.

The raised rib is certainly a great improvement; but, where it is, as I have frequently seen it, made so high as to oblige you to aim under a bird, in order to hit, I consider it detrimental both to thy sport and thy shooting.

MAXIM XV.

No gun is too heavy for me, as I have always been of opinion that you get value in the shooting for weight in the carrying; there have, however, been recent discoveries on this point, which I am not at liberty to say more of at present, but which tend to shake my opinion.

MAXIM XVI.

Ammunition.

The article of most consequence in the load of a percussion gun, is the cap. I use (as I have before mentioned) Joyce's, which I find excellent. I have tried Birmingham and French caps: the former are very cheap, and the latter may be almost had for the asking; but I found them both very corrosive. I have also a great aversion to ribbed caps, having tried them in many places, and always found (probably from chance or ill-luck) that a great many of them missed fire.

MAXIM XVII.

Much has been said about the new shot-cartridges: in my opinion, there is one important and one vital objection to them; the first is, that with a cartridge calculated to kill at sixty or seventy yards, thou hast as little chance of a bird at twenty or thirty as thou wouldst have of the former with thy usual charge; and, if thou shouldst chance to kill, the bird would be so mauled that thou hadst much better have left it

ledge; thirdly, thou wilt have the pleasing consciousness *in presenti* of having done a good action; and, fourthly, thou wilt have the agreeable prospect of being rewarded for it in future.

alone; the second is the price, which, however they may be tried occasionally as an experiment, must, so long as they remain* at half-a-crown a dozen, effectually prevent them from coming into general use.

MAXIM XVIII.

Keep thy shot in old powder canisters with a funnel to pour the same: by this mode it will remain bright for any length of time, which is not the case in a bag.

MAXIM XIX.

That ingenious and enterprising gunmaker, Purdey, invented, some little time back, a kind of wadding, (since imitated by other gunmakers,) which has the singular property of keeping a barrel perfectly clean. It is made of common paste-board, and the effect is produced by some chemical mixture in which the edges are dipped. The advantages of this invention are great and obvious, as, by keeping the sides of the barrel dry and polished, the whole charge of powder descends to the bottom without sticking by the way, and the gun shoots none the less strong after a dozen shots have been fired out of it. I only hope that the composition has, as they say of the dentrifices, 'just sufficient detersive power to effect its object and no more;' but of this I am not yet satisfied.

MAXIM XX.

Coursing.

When out with a coursing party, if thou shouldst see a hare squatting, rather start her than call out 'See ho!' until thou art quite certain it is one: a lump of dirt is easily mistaken; and, if thy hare should prove to be one, thou wilt get laughed at, which is not pleasant.

MAXIM XXI.

Neither exclaim 'A go-by,' &c. &c.: it requires a practised eye to understand these matters.

MAXIM XXII.

When thou passest close by a hare, immediately take thine eyes off, and continue thy path as if thou hadst not seen her. By so doing, she will remain quiet until the dogs are brought up; but, the moment she catches thine eye, she is off.

MAXIM XXIII.

The reason why many are so bad at finding hares, is, that they stare about at a considerable distance from them, whereas the place to look is close round their feet.

MAXIM XXIV.

If a young greyhound 'runs cunning,' or shows a disposition to save himself, hang him forthwith.

MAXIM XXV.

Trout Fishing.

To see the fish is always an ill omen: when thou canst see them, rely on it they can see thee; and, if thou hast the vanity to imagine that thy personal appearance will prove a source of attraction, thou wilt find thyself mistaken.

MAXIM XXVI.

Never leave a pool while the trout continue to rise: it frequently happens that they will take in a particular pool, and in no other: therefore, prithee, remember the dog in the fable, and lose not thy sport in the vain hope of bettering it.

MAXIM XXVII.

The fewer joints there are to a fly-rod the better: two are quite sufficient, and old fishermen generally like them better spliced than screwed together. I am talking, of course, of a one-handed rod; for I esteem a two-handed trout-fisher a Hottentot.

MAXIM XXVIII.

If thou meanest to wade at all, thou hadst much

* The price was, till lately, two shillings a dozen; and I am informed, though I cannot answer for the fact, that the wire of which the case is made, instead of being soft copper, as heretofore, is now iron, which, if it be the case, must, I should think, have the effect of a scratch-brush upon the barrel at every discharge.

better go in at once up to thy middle: thou wilt find this not only a more comfortable, but a warmer plan than getting wet inch by inch.

MAXIM XXX.

When thou hast struck a good trout, always try to take him *down* the stream: small fish generally take down of themselves, large ones almost invariably run up.

MAXIM XXX.

Miscellaneous.

Partridges are good, and grouse better; but a covey of black game is the thing for the bag.

MAXIM XXXI.

Colonel Hawker advises a person who feels nervous at the report of his gun, to make use of certain remedies which he prescribes: I advise any person who so much as *hears* the report, (that is, to take the least notice of it,) forthwith to dispose of his shooting tackle, dogs, &c.; for he may depend upon it he will never make any good use of them.

MAXIM XXXII.

The principle laid down in Maxim XXV applies equally to all sorts of game. There are always most birds seen when it is impossible to get at them; while, on the contrary, the difficulty of finding is a sure sign (in a good country) that the birds are sitting close: wherefore, be not discouraged, but seek diligently, and I will bet upon thy bag.

MAXIM XXXIII.

It is all very well to shoot a hare, when thou mayest chance to start one; but I hold that the man who would go out for the express purpose of shooting hares is no sportsman, but ranks with the poacher and potshooter.

The present system of battue shooting is as disgraceful to the higher classes, as the numberless commitments for poaching show it to be demoralising to the lower. If any thing could put it out of fashion, the fine practical satire afforded by Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., K.B., K.C., &c. &c., and his Royal and Right Honourable Highness the Infant Don Miguel shooting the tame pheasant in Kew Garden, (a pretty *infantine* pastime truly!) must have had that effect.*

THE DANUBE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER EXCURSION.

DURING the night, the wrath of the pitiless elements had banished slumber from the dormitory of our snug *calèche*; but they shrunk away at the approaching pride of dawn, whilst our hearts expanded, and our spirits flowed anew, as the expanding morn irradiated the beautiful vale of Ratisbon with its gladdening splendour. Gar-

* I was favoured with the following programme of the performances on one of those occasions, for the authenticity of which, however, I cannot vouch:

On —, the — February, 1828, his Royal Highness Don M —, attended by his G — the D — of W —, the E — of M —, and one company of the Coldstream Guards, will visit the Royal Gardens at Kew to partake of the amusement of pheasant-shooting.

The party to be met at the gate by the head gardener and his assistants, each furnished with a long rake.

As the bushes are rather wet, his Royal Highness and party will remain on the gravel walks: the gardeners will, therefore, rake out the birds from under the bushes, when, if they rise, they are to be immediately fired at: if they run along the walk, fifteen yards, "law" to be allowed.

His Royal Highness to fire both his barrels before his G — the D — of W —, who is then to fire both his before the E — of M —; the officer on duty not to fire unless there is not a possibility of hitting: an occasional volley to be fired by the troops to enliven the scene.

When his Royal Highness shall have killed as many as he may judge expedient, the gardeners to collect the game into barrows, to be placed ready for that purpose, and the party will return in the same order in which they arrived.

dens and vineyards greeted us on every side as we approached the Danube. Stadthoff was no sooner behind us, than we found ourselves looking down upon its rapid waters from the only stone bridge which has yet been thrown across them; and another five minutes found us safely housed at Ratisbon, with minds ill-attuned by the smiling scenes in which we had just been revelling, to encounter the dreary gloom of its antiquated piles. I am neither inditing an appendix to the topography of the far-famed register-office of the quondam empire, nor competent to the task, if I would; for there was neither meriment nor recreation to detain us amidst dark and decaying walls. In truth, I was but too anxious to be relieved of the oppression with which its narrow sombre streets weighed down my spirits: neither could I open my lips to one of their tenants without being called upon to sympathise with him in the saddening recollection of days of by-gone happiness. Moreover, the noble Danube was our polar-star; and there lay the huge bark, the *Ordinari*, (or Vienna post-ship,) ready to bear us from this peopled solitude within the next four hours. We had barely time before us to explore a few of the beautiful gardens which embellish the environs, and to render a passing homage to the shrine of Tycho Brahe's great contemporary, the ill-starred Kepler, to whom a life of penury was the herald of an immortality of fame. The hand of nature frequently stamps the mere outward features of the favoured progeny with the bold and striking impress of genius. I had remarked this characteristic in a portrait of Kepler some years ago, and the circumstance flashed instantly across my mind from the moment I here beheld his bust. What clearness of intellect and tranquillity of spirit beam from every feature!

From this spot, we hastily, and inquiringly as hastily, made our way through some of the most remarkable streets of the town. The only peculiar features about them are the mansions of the ancient patricians: from their castellated form, it is quite evident they were designed for strongholds in the turbulent times of the middle ages. There they stand frowning down in baronial pride upon the narrow street; while their style of architecture is manifestly derivable from the exotic skill of Italian hands. A few brief moments were all we had to bestow on the ancient Town-hall: it has long ceased to record the bans and sentences of the German Arcopagus; and the 'Holy Roman Empire' has tottered into oblivion, while its heart yet struggles against time and nature. Thence we strayed to the Cathedral, where Dohlsberg's monument, and Visiker's tomb of St. Sibbald, make amends for the sculptural failures of Zandomeneghi. And from this scene, to gratify the importunity of our guide, we proceeded on a visit to the ancient place of tournament, *die schöne Haide*, wherein the citizens of Ratisbon vent their civic idolatry on the combat between Hans Dollinger and Craco the giant, a mere daub against the wall, which has been refreshed, but neither improved nor deteriorated, by successive limners. It is passing unaccountable to me how elbow-room enough was found in this Lilliputian tilting-yard for exchanging cuts and thrusts with a giant. At length, we trod upon the margin of the glorious Danube, at the very point where its waters disembody themselves through the fifteen arches of its time-worn bridge, which reminded me to its prejudice of that at Prague. And here we found the *Ordinari* to be neither more nor less than a couple of huge wooden booths, erected upon an uncouth frame-work, intended to represent a ship's hull. On this truly diluvian-looking ark you may float down to Vienna in five or six days, for the trifling outlay of thirteen shillings. I had anticipated a right merry-making excursion, from being cast into contact with five or six score of fellow-pilgrims, with their motley habits, dialects, quirks, and fancies; but, on a nearer survey of the uncouth crew, on whom our life and limbs

were to depend, the result of which was by no means improved by a glance at the rude and boisterous brotherhood collected for the voyage, my hopes and expectations took flight; and I felt I should have bartered comfort and enjoyment dearly, though transported some hundreds of miles for little more than five-eighths of a pound sterling. Forty to fifty greasy operatives, a score of old halidames, a leash or two of indigent students, and some nondescripts, behind none of their messmates in tatters or manners, were huddled together under covert of the booths; but, more fatal to my hopes, and most incontestably indicative of the presence of thirsty souls and throats, was the prodigal store of beef and brandy which the crew was handing over the *Ordinari's* sides; a circumstance in no wise redeemed by the shouts which hailed the goodly presence of their 'fond, familiar friends,' and uproariously attested the libations that had already appeased their native thirst. Vanished was the dream of contemplative calm or rational enjoyment; and I turned away from the obnoxious ark of my disappointments, knowing I had at least the alternative of placing my carriage, chattels, and myself, at the mercy of what is called an *extra ship*, or *pletta*.

This pletta is ten feet in width by forty feet in length, and built of coarse pine timber, neither tarred nor caulked, but expanding into compactness from inhibition of water: it makes the passage to Vienna in somewhat more than ninety hours, and is hired for the trip at a charge of ninety shillings. This, indeed, is its first and last voyage, as it is calculated merely for descending with the stream to Vienna, where it is broken up and sold for its value in timbers: even were the use of sails practicable, the ascent of the Danube in any vessel at present employed upon it would be too tedious and perilous for the extensive conveyance either of goods or passengers. So backward are its navigators in all that concerns their craft, that the noblest of all European rivers is at this moment converted to as little advantage as it was many centuries ago. This, I admit, may, in some measure, arise from the rapidity of the current, which offers so formidable a resistance when a vessel is impelled against it, that four-and-twenty, nay, sometimes thirty, horses are put in requisition to drag a bark which, with her cargo, will not exceed a ton in weight. When floating down the stream, on the other hand, ten or twelve hands are all that are required to manage the largest of its misshapen hulks. Another essential barrier to improvement may be found in the want of a denser population along its course, as well as from its presenting an outlet into no other channel than a sea which possesses few inducements to European intercourse. To this may be added, the miserable prejudices and prohibitions which wither the internal traffic of Austria, and deprive its hereditary dominions of every advantage they would derive from consuming the rich products of Hungary. There is no river in Europe more susceptible of the peculiar benefits of steam-navigation than the Danube. Unhappily, the natural dams against which the river's marge drives its rapid course, will be more easily moved than the ramparts which prejudice and privilege have interposed between the various members of the body politic.

But the pletta is waiting to receive me. Had I not crossed the great Atlantic with the sense of entire security with which our noble oaken bulwarks are so admirably adapted to inspire the most timorous of adventurers, I should not have stepped with half the apprehension I did on board the coarse-fashioned bark wherein I was about to peril my earthly destinies upon the unquiet surface of this inland deep. I have already given you its principal dimensions. It stands about three feet above the water's edge, is brought to a slender point fore and aft, sloped away at both ends, and flat-bottomed. The deck, if deck it can be styled, is flush in every respect, excepting where it is occupied by a deal hut, which stands pearly at mid-

way: the sides of this rude apartment are five feet high, and its roof is fifteen feet in length, and in the centre eight feet in height: and as to furniture, when I set down a couple of planks nailed against the sides for seats, as many wooden stools, and a table in the middle, I have catalogued each article. Light is admitted by two narrow doors and four little square vent-holes with slides; yet, with all this, a few shillings and a Ratisbon upholsterer transformed this ungainly berth into a very snugger. The roof itself, from its slope being easy, afforded a second deck, and was furnished with seats, as well as a low edging of plank. My carriage supplied cushions, horse-cloths, and great-coats, by aid of which the hard benches were converted into sofas; books and maps were laid upon the table, my barometer and thermometer were installed in their places, my telescope duly mounted, and, by way of adding variety to my recreations, my 'fraudful Manton' was charged with 'leadened death.'

The work of preparation being achieved, the trusty master Hörnle, and steersman Hansel, on whom Scott's pen or Wilkie's pencil would have delighted to bestow immortality, gave tongue in the shape of 'Heaven prosper our course!' The rope was unshipped, and our bark darted forwards with the impetuous tide. It was some minutes before I recovered from the dizzying effects of the velocity with which the surrounding objects appeared instantaneously to recede from view; and yet, when my sight regained its rightful ownership, I was astonished to observe Master Hörnle, my own servant, and three assistants hired for the trip, exerting every sinew to accelerate the vessel's speed. My friend Hansel, our steersman, assigned, however, a very satisfactory reason for this practice. 'Though the vessel would be borne along with velocity if left to the mere operation of the current, she would not answer her helm, inasmuch as her speed would be simply equivalent to that of the stream: hence it is necessary she should have a distinct way or course of her own through the water. In order to satisfy myself on this score, I made the crew suspend their labours: the vessel was instantly whirled round like a piece of cork, and, had I not directed them to ply their skill again, we should have been cast against the banks of the river in the twinkling of an eye. The navigator is consequently obliged to keep his post without cessation from break of day till after sunset, earning his pitiful pittance by eighteen hours of unintermitting and most severe exertion. The method they adopt to manage their plettas and barks, is singular enough: each of them is furnished with two helms, the one afore, and the other aft: these helms consist of a limb of a fir-tree, from twelve to fifteen feet in length, to the extremity of which is attached a shovel-shaped board, from two to three feet in length, and twelve or fourteen inches in breadth. This limb or helm-arm is suspended to an upright, five or six feet high, by means of a willow loop, and its thinner end, bearing the water-board, is thrown out sufficiently over the water to preponderate slightly over the other end. Platforms, five or six feet high, are raised at each extremity of the bark for the use of the helmsmen, who work the two helms from these positions, not as rudders but as oars. The after-helm is sufficient for the common steering of the vessel; that at the head being used only where the rapidity of the current is greater than usual. To each side of the vessel, fore and aft, and not far from the others, are attached two similar helms; suspended to uprights ten feet high, and worked, oar-fashion, by two more steersmen: their object is to assist the vessel against contrary winds and the eddies of the stream.

To return from digression the second. A six hour's float from Ratisbon brought us upon the steep promontories of the Bavarian forest, (Baierwald,) on our northern quarter. They are diversified by a rich succession of rocky scenery, and embellished, below the village of Schwebelweiss,

with finely sheltered vineyards. Castles, churches, and ruins meet the eye at every bend of the river; but none so picturesque as the soaring ruins of Donaustauf, which look down from their beautiful pedestal of porphyry on the market-town of that name, from whence a wooden bridge stretches across the Danube. At this spot it is much about the breadth of the Thames at Staines. A screen of high banks and willows intercepted our view on the southern shore, excepting where its dull monotony was broken by the village roof or spire. Our first halt for the night was not far from the mouth of the Wiesend: the pletta was made fast to the shore, and an adjacent hamlet quickly added milk, eggs, butter, and potatoes to our stock of wine and cold meat; the whole, savoured by keen appetites and elastic spirits, afforded us a banquet which princes would have coveted. The pellucid stream rolled on in placid beauty beneath its brilliant, starry canopy; whilst the banqueters sat listening to the navigator's romantic adventures amidst storms and shipwrecks, and lent them a readier ear, because they were propounded in the familiar jargon of the Danubian dialect.

A stroll through the meadows along the shore was the prelude to the hour of rest. The contented find a downy couch wherever they stretch their limbs. 'Think not my fate was hard, though a rough skin was my coverlid, a wooden bench my mattress, and a hard carriage-cushion my bolster: my slumbers were softer and sounder than ever were dispensed by eider down.

The vessel was in motion at two the next morning. I leaped from my resting place, drew back the slide from one of the tiny windows, found our bark shrouded in an impervious fog, and directed her course to be stayed until we should be once more blessed with the clear light of heaven. The morning breeze sprung up about six, and, dispelling the 'darkness visible,' opened to my sight one of the loveliest landscapes it ever dwelt upon, and yielded its refreshing kiss to the glowing ardour of a sultry noon.

The towers of Straubing glittered from an eminence on our right; the hilly chain on our left had now receded, and laid bare the splendid scenery around the distant crest of the Bohemian forest, where the Rosselberg peers three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The crumbling burg, and castle, and monastery, studded the intervening foreground with rich variety. We were seemingly close upon Straubing; but we, in fact, were six hours' sail from it, for the sinuous caprice of the stream prevented us from reaching it until noon. There was nothing in its exterior aspect deserving of the niche it occupies in the Temple of Fame; and I, therefore, suffered my pletta to keep on her course, though not forgetful that it contained the last record of the beautiful and unfortunate Agnes Bernauerin.

The closing scene of her existence was cruel and melancholy. Though so virtuous and so fair as to have been universally recognised as 'the Angel of Straubing,' her inhuman father-in-law, Duke Albert, ordered the common executioner to throw her from his bridge, on the 24th of October, 1434. Whilst in the act of making her escape by swimming, the savage monster plunged a hooked pole among her knotted ringlets, and forced her below the surface of the waters. The memory of her untimely fate can never perish whilst the bridge of Straubing exists to record it.

THE FREE-MASON.

A RETIRED Captain of Cavalry, reduced to the most narrow income, had exhausted all the resources which could save him from misery. He was weary with the many attempts he had made, humiliated by imploring kindness, and being answered by refusals. Without a relation or a patron, and tired, in short, of bearing a burthen which every day became more oppressive, he re-

solved to end a life which had been spared by thirty years of war.

One autumn evening, after having kissed a sword which was wetted by his tears, he proceeded towards the bridge de la Tournelle. He walked rapidly along the foot-way, and contemplated the depth and rapidity of the stream. His foot was already upon the parapet, and he was on the point of executing his fearful purpose, when he heard some one behind him. He turned and walked on, and strengthened his mind more earnestly than before in his previous resolution.

The stranger addressed him. He was a man of about forty-five, of a striking figure, and an open countenance, and appearing to belong to the middle class of society. He asked some commonplace questions, to which the soldier replied briefly, and even with ill-temper. The unknown followed him; and, profiting by the light of a lamp at the moment of passing it, he made a masonic sign. The soldier proved to him that they were brothers; from signs they passed to touching with the hand, and they discover that they are in the rank of 'Sonv. Pri. R.†'

The stranger made the sign of distress, and the soldier answered that he was at the service of his brother. 'And,' added the latter, 'you can preserve me from a great misfortune. Follow me.' By the way, he informed his new friend that he was a father of a family, and employed by the Government as an inspector of wine; and he begged of the officer to pass for his elder brother, whom he was expecting to come from Rennes. The other readily consented, and followed to the Rue de Pontoise, behind the Place aux Veaux. They entered a house, and mounted to the second floor; where the inspector said to a lady, young, fresh, and pretty, 'Here, Estelle, is my elder brother, whom I present to you.' The lady received the Captain with the utmost cordiality, and brought to him her three children, who had been playing in another room, and who now united with their mother in showing kindness to the new guest. This touching reception, and the interesting sight of a happy family and a peaceful home, made a deep impression on the soldier; and he delighted to take the beautiful children on his knees, and hear them call him their dear uncle, and let them lay their caressing hands on his military moustache.

'It seems,' said the lady, 'that our brother has left his trunk at the coach-office.' 'My trunk, did you say?' exclaimed the Captain. 'He was so impatient to see us,' hastily interrupted the inspector, 'that he ran here the moment he left the Diligence. But he will find here whatever he can want. In the mean time, pray get ready our supper as soon as you can, and let us have the best possible wine. My brother must be in great need of something to refresh him.' The mother and the children left them: 'And now that we are alone,' said the Captain, 'tell me the affliction which threatens you. You have a wife, who seems to be as good as she is handsome; your children are angels; your household exhibits a respectable competence. What the devil can you want?' 'One must not always trust in appearances, and you will soon know in how much need I stand of your services.' 'Is it an affair of honour? I will be your second, and stand by you to the last. Is it some difficulty as to your office? I can offer you nothing but to run about, and push in all directions. I have still a good pair of legs. They are all that remains to me.' While they were thus conversing, the wife of the Inspector returned, and announced that supper was ready. The Captain ate, or rather devoured, two-thirds of a fowl, which he washed down with about a bottle of good wine. He gained new life, and felt himself at home. His happy host gave himself up to a joy so open and lively, and his countenance became so radiant, that the soldier fixed his eyes on him, and thought, 'A thousand shells! who would fancy that this good fellow is menaced with severe misfortune?'

'Brother,' said the Inspector, 'your last night's sleep was probably not very comfortable; and you must be in want of rest;' and, so saying, he led him into a small bed-chamber, remarkable for the neatness of its furniture and its extreme cleanliness. The veteran found there all the clothes he could need; and on the chimney-piece was a large pipe filled with excellent tobacco, and covered by light troops, in the shape of Havannah cigars. 'It seems that your good lady thinks of every thing. You are very happy in having such a companion; as for me, I am alone in the world. But will you now explain your situation; and, now that we cannot be interrupted, tell me what misfortune—' 'I will tell you all at the night-time. I can only assure you at present that I reckon on your aid, and congratulate myself more than ever on having met with you. Good night! Above all, do not forget that you are with a brother; and behave as if you were at home.' The next morning, the soldier, who had enjoyed a sweet and tranquil sleep, went to the room in which he had been received the night before, and found there the three pretty children who jumped into his arms, and talked to him with familiar fondness. They led him to their mother, whom he found engaged in preparing breakfast, and who treated him with the utmost kindness. The Inspector, however, was not to be seen; and he asked her what had become of her husband? 'He went out very early,' she replied, 'and with an air of hurry and anxiety: I inquired in vain what was the matter.' He is gone to fight, and without me!' exclaimed the Captain, with his natural bluntness. 'To fight!' shrieked the lady, turning pale, and tottering; 'can he then have forgotten that he is father of three children?' And, so saying, she clasped them to her heaving bosom, and wept upon their heads. But suddenly the eldest shouted, 'Here he is, here he is!' and ran to embrace his father. The latter entered, heated and panting. 'Thank Heaven!' cried the soldier; 'he has wounded or perhaps killed his adversary.' 'Papa, papa! do not fight any more!' said the children. 'Your life belongs to them,' continued their mother; 'and you have no right to expose it.' 'Fight! Expose the life which I have dedicated to your happiness,' exclaimed in his turn the Inspector; 'who can have told you such a tale?' 'Did you not say,' answered the soldier, 'that you were threatened with a great misfortune, and that you reckoned on my assistance in escaping from it?' 'It was true, my brother; but I have no longer any thing to fear.' 'What evil,' interrupted his wife, 'could trouble your happy lot?' 'The worst of all evils, my dear Estelle. But be calm. Yesterday evening, a man of honour, to whom I am bound by the most sacred ties, wished to destroy himself. I was led to his side by Heaven, which watches over the brave, and sooner or later repairs for them the ingratitude of the world. I induced him to lean on me; by degrees, I appeased the tumult of his mind; and I brought him, without permitting him to suspect my design, beneath his brother's roof.' 'Ah!' said Estelle, 'now I guess the whole; and I recognise the usual excellence of your nature.' After some moments, the Captain faltered out, 'Yes, oh! yes, I feel that it is a crime to cut oneself off from such beings.' 'But why, then, my friend,' continued Estelle, 'leave me with so much mystery at sunrise this morning, and not stay to enjoy your own good work?' 'It was only half-accomplished, dearest. You know as well as I the noble pride of the soldier; you know that it increases amid misfortune. Our friend would not have staid with us for more than a few days; he would have feared to inconvenience a family possessing no more than a moderate competence. And how could I have been sure that he might not be misled anew by disappointment, embittered by the indifference of the happy ones of the earth, and desperate enough again to endanger his own existence? This thought tormented me all night; and this morn-

ing I went to our Director General, who has long promised me an assistant in my laborious duties. I told him my story; I spoke to him of honourable wounds, which, like myself, he judged to be worthy of recompense; and I obtained for the Captain this order appointing him sub-inspector, which secured to him an asylum, and a respectable subsistence, and will give me the happiness of sometimes shaking hands with a brave soldier, and a brother.' 'Such are the fruits of free-masonry!' exclaimed the new sub-inspector, and pressed the hands of his benefactor to his bosom. 'Come, my children, I will devote my leisure moments to playing with you. I will teach you the military exercise. You need no longer fear that you will be orphans; henceforth you have two fathers. And you, my worthy, my excellent sister, call me your friend: your friend, your attached servant. You will never have one more respectful, more devoted. And, if I sometimes kneel before you, and make a gesture of adoration, do not be angry. You are so like the flower, dear to the R. A. †, that I maybe pardoned for sometimes mistaking.'

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

HELIGOLAND.—General Von-der-Dicken, of the Hanoverian Artillery, has lately published 'A Philosophical, Historical, and Geographical Inquiry on the subject of this island; and by this it appears, that Heligoland, Helgoland, or Heiligeland, that is, Holy Land, the circumference of which does not exceed 13,800 German feet, (13,270 feet English,) is the remains of a very considerable island, which is said to have been separated in former times by a very narrow strait from the terra firma of Denmark. It is on record that, in the year 1010, this isle contained two monasteries and nine parishes, but that, in 1300, these were reduced to two parishes only. The ocean continues its inroads upon this naked rock, from which it is constantly abstracting large masses; and there can be little doubt that posterity will, sooner or later, be called upon to record its ultimate disappearance. Its present population is confined to three hundred individuals of Friesland descent, who speak the ancient Friesland as well as the low German tongues, inhabit three hundred and fifty houses, and consist almost exclusively of pilots and fishermen. They gain their livelihood by taking shell-fish and lobsters, of the former of which they annually export above two millions, and of the latter, fifty thousand, to London and Hamburg. Navigation and wrecking are supplementary to this occupation.

General Von-der-Dicken's work is rendered still more interesting by the comparative view afforded, on two maps, of its geographical character, in the eighth, thirteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries.

CELIBRACY OF THE ROMISH CLERGY.—A considerable portion of the population of Prussia and Baden are Catholics; and neither of them have been slow to perceive how great would be the social and moral benefits which would arise from the razing of the dyke that severs the priesthood from community of ties, feelings, and interests with their fellow-creatures. It is to be feared, however, that the *divide et impera* of St. Peter's successors is yet felt to be the corner-stone of their temporal and spiritual supremacy. Despite of the ferment existing on this subject among the Catholics of Germany, we reckon they will have to content themselves with swallowing the pill administered to certain brother malcontents by Cardinal Pallavicini, when Secretary to Pius the Sixth. 'If the clergy be ever permitted to marry,' said he, 'there will be an end to the Roman-papistical hierarchy; for the married clergy will be knit to the state by the tie of their wives and children, and will cease to be subjects of the Roman See. Policy, therefore, renders it imperative upon the Holy Father and the Sacred

College to turn a deaf ear upon any proposal of such a nature.' If such be the politics of the Court of Rome, it is quite clear what ought to be those of every Catholic and Protestant prince: and we shall be anxious to know, whether on the occasion of which we are about to speak, the Grand Duke of Baden will have determined upon receiving a new class of subjects under the ægis of a manly and enlightened policy.

In one of the recent sittings of the Baden House of Representatives, Dr. Duttlinger, a petty counsellor, presented a petition to the Second Chamber, praying 'that the Chamber would use its good offices with the Government, to the end that the injunction of celibacy imposed upon the Catholic ministry might be removed in a legal manner within the Grand-duchy of Baden.' This petition was signed by three-and-twenty persons, all of whom are known to be firmly attached to the Roman Catholic religion, and are connected, either as civilians or learned functionaries, with the university of Freiburg. Simultaneous petitions were also forwarded to the Grand-Duke, as well as the Archbishop Bernard. Six only of the deputies voted for the consideration of the question; the majority of the chamber pronouncing that it was not within its competency to entertain it! though it concerned a noxious excrescence, not a vital or acknowledged principle of Christianity.

THE PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.—We are expecting a return of the number of students, who frequented the 'Almas Matres Borussiae' during the past year; and this is an additional motive with us to publish the subsequent report of the year 1827:—'Number of students at Berlin, 1700; Halle, 1100; Bonn, 1050; Königsberg, 460; Griefswald, 150; Munster, 400; Breslau, 1080; total number, 5,890.

FRENCH THEATRES.—A lady of rank, when soliciting M. Necker to grant her a pension of a thousand crowns, observed with much naïveté, 'After all, Sir, a thousand crowns are but a mere trifle!' 'Madam,' replied the upright minister, 'they are equal to the whole produce of a village!' Now, the Parisian theatres, in the year 1828, were assisted by the public Treasury to the extent of 58,300*l.* sterling! a sum equal to the revenue derived from a few score villages, among which, it is probable, not a solitary 'aye' would have been found in support of the grant. The munificence with which most Continental Governments constitute themselves into patrons of the 'sock and buskin,' is, after all, the mere 'robbing of Peter to pay Paul,' or, 'the sacrifice of the many for the gain of the few.' The subsequent detail exhibits a pretty summary comment on the blasting consequence of official dependence; the most popular and successful of the Thespian Temples at Paris will seldom be found to be those where the First Lord of the French Treasury possesses a votive tablet:

Produce of the French Theatres, 1828.		
	Government Grants.	Produce.
Th. de Madame	—	£28,670
Olympic Circus	—	25,034
The Opera	£35,416	22,748
Comic Opera	6,250	22,225
Varieties	—	20,451
Theatre François	8,330	20,007
Vaudeville	—	18,758
Th. of Gaïety	—	18,675
Italian Theatre	3,991	18,112
Novelties	—	16,156
Porte St. Martin (shut 3 months)	—	15,034
Ambigue (shut 5 months)	—	9,684
Odéon (shut 2 months)	4,658	7,686
	£58,645	£243,250

'All our dramatic establishments are in difficulties,' observes M. Dupin; 'the diminution of their receipts affords a proof, that the tax paid by public curiosity bears no proportion to their ex-

pense, and that the royal theatres are gradually falling off in the numbers of their frequenters.' No inconsiderable portion of that expense arises from the prodigality with which free admissions are granted: these, indeed, have been estimated to amount to nearly one million in the course of the year: they fill the best and dearest seats, and it is alleged, that they occasion an annual loss to the thirteen greater theatres of 100,000*l.* and upwards. Such is the quid pro quo, which is exacted as the price of public munificence! No wonder it should be deemed an auspicious circumstance, that the Chamber of Deputies have reduced the grant for the present year to 54,160*l.*, though the theatrical proprietary of the first dramatic metropolis in Christendom have yet abundant cause to feel that

'An open foe may prove a curse:
But a pretended friend is worse!'

THE NETHERLANDS UNIVERSITIES.—A learned correspondent enabled us to give, in our 64th number, a detail of the grants which were anticipated in aid of these institutions for the present year. In a recent letter, however, he informs us, that the subsequent sums have been finally voted by the Netherlands' Legislature; viz.

To Louvain (in it the Philosophical College)	146,060 <i>fr.</i> or £12,172	
To Liege	83,770	6,980
Ghent	77,235	6,436
Leyden	120,429	10,036
Utrecht	72,576	6,048
Groningen	74,933	6,245
The Athenæum of Krancker	20,520	1,710

Budget of the Universities 505,523*fr.* £49,672

CLOUDS.

OVER the face of the eternal deep,
Fair, restless wanderers, drinking up the light.
Of sunbeams, at the breeze's will ye sweep;
Or on a windless night,
Building around the moon a hollow sphere,
Which with her woven tapestries soft and clear,
She hangs, and, with delight
There sits a queen in her own heavenly right,
Like the wise worm that spineth far and near
Its amber palace bright—
How can ye bear, sweet wanderers, to be driven,
Resistless ever, through the sapphire sky,
Although to canopy the cope of heaven
Your tent be spread on high?
Had ye a motion of your own, and skill
To sail along following your own free will,
How gladly then would I,
Swelling your bright and playful company,
Be wandering with you o'er the blue vault still,—
A joy that ne'er could die.
For there, upon a bright and vernal day,
Cradled I might repose, o'er the young flowers
Weeping fresh tears, or with the sunbeams play,
Building the rainbow's bowers;
Or, like a nautilus o'er the ocean-brine,
A white and rose-edged bark, I then might swim
Through the long summer hours,
Till, with my freight of fertilizing showers,
I rose, and garlanded the summits dim
Of rugged mountain towers.
Or like a solid dome with battlement,
Crenelle, and buttress furnished, I might rise,
That stands a giant of the firmament,
Watching throughout the skies:
Or there a mountainous ridge of cliffs prolong
By a tall city crowned, and castles strong,
Most like what men devise
On earth, and with the likeness charm their eyes
Of their own works; then shattered drive along,
And mock their vain surmise.
But thus like you by other's will impressed,
The unresisting sport of every gale,
O'er earth and sea, and mountain's snowy crest,
I would not choose to sail.
Rather would I with tempest laden sweep
Against the wind, convulsing all the deep
With lightning and with hail.
Though not in storms arrayed a threatener pale,
Loving to climb the sky, but rocks to sleep
Within a sunny vale. K.

LECTURE ON ARCHITECTURE AT THE WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION.

THE devotion, during the last few weeks, of the space in our columns usually destined for subjects connected with the fine arts, to the lectures on painting and sculpture at the Royal Academy, has prevented our noticing the concluding discourse of the series of lessons on architecture delivered by Mr. Hosking, to the Members of the Western Literary Institution. The subject, however,—the modern buildings of the metropolis,—is an interesting one; the lecture itself was judicious; the opinions pronounced appeared conscientious, and independent of hope, fear, or undue bias of any kind, and it affords us, moreover, a good pretext for adding a few observations on architecture, to those already recorded on the companion arts. We shall seek no further apology, therefore, for putting thus late into form, for the perusal of our readers, the notes taken a fortnight since, in the lecture-room in Leicester-square.

In its bridges, London certainly stands pre-eminent over all cities of ancient or modern times. When, in the revolutions of ages, our own city shall be placed in the pages of history by the side of Persepolis, Athens, Carthage, Rome, and Jerusalem, and travellers from the Western Hemisphere shall come to trace the site of the capital whence once issued the mandates which were law under every zone, the massive arches of our bridges, some broken, some perhaps entire, will, of all its numerous constructions, alone remain to attest its present magnificence. Mr. Hosking, therefore, certainly did not err on the side of nationality in saying, that in the number, magnitude, and merit, of its bridges, London is unequalled by any city in the world. He expressed his opinion, 'that the New London Bridge will be a grand and imposing structure; the semi-elliptical arches form a very beautiful curve, and have a most graceful effect; the general result, however, will depend greatly on the cornice and parapet: should the former partake of the bold broad massive character of the work generally, and the latter be simply panelled and not pierced with mis-shapen balustrades, the bridge promises to be beautiful, at the same time that it will be grand and imposing. It may be regarded as a triumph of science and art combined. The central arch, said Mr. H., stands alone in the world, since its rise of forty feet is little more than a fourth of the span, which is 150 feet,—an effort of science never before attempted to be executed in stone.' Without any desire to detract from the merit of the engineer, we cannot help remarking, that we think Mr. Hosking has here somewhat overrated the merit in point of science, which, if not confined to a due appreciation of the quality and virtue of the material employed in the building, and the degree of pressure it will bear, partakes more of that knowledge than of any peculiarity or profundity in the art of construction. From London-bridge, Mr. Hosking proceeded to notice the other structures of the same class which adorn the metropolis, and to point out the respects in which they excelled or failed. In Waterloo-bridge, he objected very judiciously to the frittered effect produced by the coupled columns and broken entablature; a defect, however, still more glaring in Blackfriars-bridge, since, in the former case, the bridge being level, the columns may be all of an equal height, while in the latter they necessarily increase or decrease in dimension, as they are nearer to, or further from, the centre.

From the bridges, Mr. Hosking proceeded to the modern churches of the capital. In noticing the new St. Pancras Church, he showed how easy it is for a building to be faulty in taste and effect, even while the parts of which it is composed in themselves approach perfection. The portico, it was observed, is too shallow,—a defect not to be excused because it existed in the prototype,—the circular projection of the chancel

might be considered an elegant composition, but it was remarked, that the effect of the whole structure is seriously injured by the attachment of the buildings with caryatides at the flanks; and which, though composed of beautiful parts, are themselves inelegant and defective, the basement being too lofty for the figures which stand on it; while the entablature is extremely heavy. In addition, it was objected, that no line in these wings ranges with any one in the principal body of the edifice. The steeple was treated as a heap of towers, which, taken separately, are not surpassed by any architectural work of the class in London, but which lose all their effect by their combination and collocation. The Ionic portico of the chapel in Regent-street, opposite the Argyle Rooms, was, of all the modern sacred edifices, that which received most applause from Mr. Hosking. This, he said, taken as a specimen of architecture, was quite a model, and only required enrichment to be perfectly beautiful.

Of the secular structures, the Bank of England was the first which came under notice at this lecture. 'Faults, it certainly has,' said Mr. Hosking; 'many things in it might have been better; but it contains more architectural beauties than any other modern structure in Europe,' meaning, in the expression modern, to include all the works of all the Italian architects in all parts of the world, with the exception only of our own Gothic temples. We will not analyse the opinion of our worthy lecturer. It is not often that Mr. Soane receives such unqualified applause from independent and disinterested criticism; and we should be unwilling to throw in any alloy to the gratification he would derive, should it come to his knowledge that he had been so extolled, by examining how great a portion of the praise bestowed on the Bank of England is to be ascribed to a certain spirit of nationality, more patriotic than philosophical, which was traceable throughout this whole course of lectures. We agree in very many of the remarks made on the Bank of England, and especially on the Lothbury front; and, indeed, in all Mr. Soane's works, we perceive a grace and feeling in the details which have ever claimed our admiration, even when his whims and caprices have compelled us to condemn the ensemble of an edifice. Still, however, we would be just to the architects of other countries as well as to our own, and should not have to go far to name a building quite worthy of competing with Mr. Soane's work in Threadneedle-street. Need we remind Mr. Hosking of the Bourse at Paris?

The London University, it was observed, is at the same time one of the chastest and noblest structures of the metropolis. Its grand decastyle portico will be of unparalleled magnificence, though, perhaps, too large for the elegant cupola behind, too much of which will, in the front view, be intercepted by the lofty pediment. One fault, however, was pronounced to be glaring; namely, the poverty of the crowning cornice. To the latter part of the criticism, we make not the slightest objection; but, we confess, that our observations on the London University, as far as its present state permits the forming an opinion, would not take the order, or lead to the conclusions drawn by Mr. Hosking. We should ask Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Hosking, if the University be an appendage to the portico, or the portico an accessory to the University? We should call on Mr. Wilkins to show cause why a decastyle portico should be approved under any circumstances; we should pray to have it pointed out, how the cupola, let it be ever so elegant, rising so immediately over the apex of the pediment, can form a judicious composition. We might ask some more questions—we might implore Mr. Wilkins to conceal, at least, the deformity of his *arrière* parts, since his ingenuity was not clever enough to endow them with grace and beauty; but we reserve ourselves for a more fitting occasion, and hasten to conclude with a report of Mr. Hosking's opinion of a few less pretending edifices.

Of the club-houses, that of the University was preferred to all the others, as the most classical and elegant. The United Service Club-house, on the site of Carlton Palace, contrasts strongly, remarked Mr. Hosking, with the 'University': externally, it presents no merits to countervail its absolute insipidity and total want of architectural beauty. We are not sure that we can concur with our lecturer in this condemnation of the United Service Club-house. Certainly we are no admirers of Mr. Nash's gingerbread plasterings: we agree with Mr. Hosking in detecting the meagre little cornice of the upper order; which, too poor even for the order it surmounts, is truly contemptible when viewed as the cornice of the whole building: still less do we excuse the ignorance or the wantonness of the architect in placing plain columns above a fluted order; yet, we cannot deny it, there is a certain *non sappiamo che* in the front of this edifice, not altogether displeasing or devoid of picturesque effect. Mr. Hosking instanced the Oriental Club-house in Hanover-square, as an improvement on Crockford's. We should have expressed a contrary opinion. With all its sins, there is a boldness and breadth about Crockford's which commands respect, while, in our eyes, the effect of the Oriental Club House is cramped, crowded, and, with all its ornament, mean. From the club houses, Mr. Hosking descended to the private houses; and thence, through new squares and streets, to humble, yet scarcely humble, shop-fronts. For ourselves, we abominate architectural shop-fronts, more especially if *an order* be prostituted in its decoration, as much as we deprecate the profanation of the Pæstum Doric, in ornamenting a china closet. The only shop-front, we know at all to be approved is that—we forget its exact situation—in which the entrance to a sepulchre adorned with death's head and bones, and other emblems of the prison-house of the grim destroyer, sculptured to the life, (?) forms the *façade* of a gin-shop.

The best praise we can further give to Mr. Hosking's course of lectures is by stating the fact, that it was attended with constancy, and listened to with attention, and we doubt not with improvement, by an audience which could not have consisted of less than three hundred persons. We have here given a very imperfect sketch of its contents.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

OUR office as reporters to this theatre is not yet quite a sinecure, though it threatens speedily to become one. Last week we recorded the singular fact of a new opera having been performed by a corps of silent voices; this week it is our painful duty to announce, that the only performer who had hitherto escaped the *malaria* of the Haymarket—and almost the only one who it was very important should escape it, has recently fallen under the same calamity as her brethren and sisters. 'La Doña del Lago,' was performed on Saturday, and Madame Pisaroni was indisposed. *Que decidirá!* the King's Theatre. This misfortune, in the case of Madame Pisaroni, is very considerable, seeing that from circumstances which have been sufficiently dwelt on in the newspapers, her merely walking through the part of Malcolm Græme, does not inspire the interest which it might do if the ambulatory were Sontag, Madame Malabran or Ronzi de Begnis. The only compensation for this distressing accident was, the appearance of Mademoiselle Blais in the part of Elena. The applause which this debutante received was probably owing rather to the unfortunate predicament of the other singers than to her intrinsic excellence. She is, nevertheless, a highly respectable singer, and ought permanently to rank in public estimation much higher than Monticelli, or any of the recent female novelties, except Pisaroni. Her voice is a moderate soprano; and, if the natural powers of her voice were worthy of her style, she might assume even a high rank as a singer. At all events, she is a great acquisition to M. Laporte, in the present melancholy state of his establishment.

Covent Garden—Saturday.

'The Maid of Judah,' an opera of Rossini's at one of our English theatres, is a novelty which deserves a much more lengthened notice than we have time this week to devote to it. We shall merely, therefore, congratulate our readers on the re-appearance of Miss Paton, though with powers slightly impaired by the long indisposition of which we grieve to say that the traces are too visible in her cheeks and her form. We have often before spoken of this admirable English vocalist; but, as the Managers have lately had the good taste to give her music worthy of her talents, by confining her to operas of Weber and Rossini, we shall not consider that we have done her full justice till we have entered into a very detailed examination of her style of singing. 'The Maid of Judah' was exceedingly well received, whether owing to the magnificence of the decorations, and the melo-dramatic interest of the piece, or to the charms of the music, we shall have an opportunity of considering hereafter.

Monday.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MR. PEMBERTON made his second appearance last night, at this theatre, in the character of Shylock. His first, our readers will remember, was in that of Virginians. What a step! from the fictitious Roman to the real Jew—from Goldsmith's history to human nature—from Mr. Knowles to William Shakespeare! And yet so strange are the notions of acting, which prevail in the present day—so strangely are our performers classified, not according to their powers of representing some great conception, or entering into the mind of some great author, but by an imaginary division into tragic, comic, melo-dramatic and pantomimic, that the transformation excites no surprise in any quarter. Did not Mr. Pemberton throw aside the military vest and don him in a turban? And what else is needed to convert the destroyer of the Decemviri into the father of Jessica?

We expressed a favourable opinion of Mr. Pemberton's first effort, and this opinion we feel no wish to retract. Measuring him by the ordinary standard of theatrical excellence,—and it would be unfair to try him by any other,—we think he may be pronounced decidedly meritorious. That he was not

'The very Jew
That Shakespeare drew,'

was obvious enough; but, so far from requiring this of any, even the greatest, of modern actors, we should think them unwise if they made the attempt. The utmost that it is possible for them to do, if they wish to succeed in their profession, is to translate the feelings and actions of Shakespeare into language that will be intelligible to the pit and gallery. If the translation is tolerably faithful, and too much is not sacrificed to making it spirited, we are more than content. On the whole, we think this praise was due to Mr. Pemberton. He is over anxious not to appear an imitator of Kean, perhaps from a little consciousness that he is inclined to be one, and this wish has occasionally induced him to substitute for that dry, hard, even passion which Kean adopts in this part, and by adopting which he has made it *chef-d'œuvre* a more violent and outbreathing passion that is very unsuitable to the part. He has no business to drop on his knees in the last act under the weight of his afflictions. Shylock is very sick, but it is the sickness of a rage and despair which would have sustained not crippled him. Though half his goods are confiscated when he leaves the justice-room, he is not about to turn pauper, nor Christian either, unless in hope of accomplishing a more deep and subtle vengeance. He will have more ducats yet, and perhaps a pound of Nazarene flesh, ripe, fresh, and bleeding. Jessica is his only loss, that is utterly and absolutely irreparable.

The other actors, with the exception of Mr. Farley, whose Gratiano is vulgar and execrable, all did their duty well. Miss Jarman's Portia is certainly her most successful effort; she looks particularly solemn and conceded in her judicial deportment as the young doctor, and carried off the joke in the last scene with great spirit. As Miss Goward acts every part which she undertakes in the best possible manner, we were not surprised to find that she was the most delightful, wicked little Nerissa on the stage.

MONSIEUR PERLET.

English Opera House.

We are happy to inform our readers that this distinguished performer is again among us, and has appeared at the Lyceum. There are particular characters

of M. Perlet's which English performers could represent as well, or perhaps better. We will give up Keeley, Linton, and Kemble in favour of no one. But there is certainly no English, and, we think, no French actor, who can personate such a range of parts as that which Perlet is completely master of. From the severest style of high comedy, to the broadest farce, he reigns paramount. The Tartuffe and Scapin are, alike, but forms in which Perlet lives and moves. And there probably never was any one who could exhibit the most demure and almost austere personages of comedy with any thing like the same force, and seemingly unconscious humour. The emphatic magniloquent heroes and lovers of French tragedy, he never attempts and probably would not succeed in: he would show them as they are, and then even the audience at the Theatre Français must burst out laughing. But even there he would represent admirably, if he were allowed to personate them in the style in which Whiskerandos is acted among us; and this is the only style in which, consistently with truth and nature, they ever ought to be played. Whatever is true in the French drama, he reproduces with inimitable talent. And we are persuaded, though it is by no means a necessary consequence, that there is no male character whatever in Shakespeare, whom he would not be able to embody better than almost any one living. In saying this, we assure our readers we are quite serious, and are convinced, more especially, that M. Perlet, were he sufficiently master of our pronunciation, could act both Hamlet and Falstaff better than any English actor. We shall take an early opportunity of returning to this subject.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.'—*Plinius Epistola.*

I.

'Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

1.—POETICAL.

Meretricious Poetry.—What is generally called poetry, is like a woman decked with plates of looking-glass and tinsel chains; and is much fitter to excite laughter than engage our love.—*Pascal's Pensées.*

2.—SENTIMENTAL.

Separation.—Separation, the more dreadful it appears, seems less probable; it becomes, like death, a fear, which is more spoken of than believed,—a future event, which seems impossible even at the very moment we know it is inevitable. Love alone can give an idea of eternity; it confounds every notion of time; we think we have not always loved.—*Wieland.*

True Valour.—Is hee that comes neare death valiant? Why, then, hang trophies over the gallows; the cause must in all things tell whose child the effect is. Hee that fights with fury, is not valiant, but hee that lends justice force. Cato dyed in as fit a time to make his death looke nobly, as could bee, and at the fittest course of natural reason; it will seem good reason not to outlive his countreyes liberty; but had it not bene more compassionately done of him to have accompanied his country in misery? Had it not bene more wisely done, to have reprieved hope, and to have watched time, when, happily, by opportunity, he might have ransomed his country? I account not his valour, no more then hee that winks at the blow of death,—the one binding his eyes because hee would not see death, the other seeking death because hee would not feeble misery. Cato is not held by mee as a patterne of fortitude, he helped not his country by his death: if to dare dye, you think so excellent, the women among the Romanes could doe it as well as hee; because it is prohibited, wee like it, because, contrary to our selfe-loving minds, wee admire it; and in that respect (were it not against divinitie) I should allow of it; for hee comes nearest vertue that throws against the bias of his affections.—*Sir William Cornwallis.*

3.—PICTURESQUE.

Scene in the Blue Mountains.—The passage of the Potowmac, through the Blue Mountains, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountains an hundred miles to seek a vent. On the left approaches the Potowmac in quest of a passage also. At the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth had been erected in process of time; that the mountains

were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the blue ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; thus continuing to rise, they have at length broken over this spot, and have torn down this mountain from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, exhibit the evident marks of this disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, and corroborate the impression which such monuments of war between the rivers and mountains (that must have shaken the earth to its centre) had created. The broken and rugged faces of the mountains on each side of the river, the tremendous rocks which are left with one end fixed to the precipice, and the other jutting out and seemingly ready to fall for want of support; the bed of the river for several miles below, obstructed and filled with the ooze and stones carried from this mound; in short, every thing on which you can cast your eye evidently demonstrates a disrapture and breach in the mountains, and that before this happened, what is now a fruitful vale was formerly a great lake, which might possibly have here formed a mighty cascade, or had an outlet to the ocean by the Susquehanna, where the blue ridge seems to terminate.—*Jefferson's Virginia.*

4.—ROMANTIC.

The Chasm River.

That deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if the earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst,
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thrasher's flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meand'ring with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns, measureless to man,
And sunk in tumult to a lifeless ocean.

Coleridge.

5.—ASTROLOGICAL.

Indictment against Lilly.—The Jurors of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, &c., upon their oaths do present, that William Lilly, late of the Parish of St. Clement's Danes, in the county of Middlesex, gent., not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, the 10th of July, in the year of our Lord, 1654, at the parish aforesaid, wickedly, unlawfully, and deceitfully did take upon him, the said William Lilly, by enchantment, charm, and sorcery, to tell and declare to one Anne East, the wife of Alexander East, where ten waistcoats, of the value of five pounds of the goods and chattels of the said Alexander East, then lately before lost and stolen from the said Alexander East, should be found and become, and two shillings and sixpence in monies numbered, of the monies of the said Alexander East from the said Anne East, then and there unlawfully and deceitfully, he, the said William Lilly, did take, receive, and had, to tell and declare to her, the said Anne, where the said goods, so lost and stolen as aforesaid, should be found and become: and also, that he, the said William Lilly, on the said 10th of July, in the year of our Lord 1654, and divers other days and times, as well before as afterwards, at the said parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, unlawfully and deceitfully did take upon him, the said William Lilly, by enchantment, charm, and sorcery, to tell and declare to divers other persons, to the said jurors yet unknown, where divers goods, chattels, and things of the said persons yet unknown, there lately before lost and stolen from the said persons yet unknown, should be found and become; and divers sums of monies of the said persons yet unknown, then and there unlawfully and deceitfully, he, the said William Lilly did take, receive, and had, to tell and declare to the said persons yet unknown, where the goods, chattels, and things, so lost and stolen, as aforesaid, should be found and become, in contempt of the laws of England, to the great damage and deceit of the said Alexander and Anne, and of the said other persons yet unknown, to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending, against the form of the statute in this case made and provided, and against the public peace, &c. Signed, Anne East, Emma Spencer, Jane Gold, Katherine Roberts, Susannah Hulinge.—*Miscell. Curious.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, an Essay on Man; or, the Mortal Body and the Immortal Soul Exemplified; wherein are developed the Incontrovertible Principles of Christianity. By G. Wirgman.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

March.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
	A.M. P.M.	at Noon.			
Mon.	23 33	30. 00	NE high	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	34 37	30. 15	E to NE.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed.	44 35	30. 12	N.	Rain A.M.	Cumulus.
Thur.	53 34	30. 10	E to NE.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Frid.	64 40	30. 04	NE to N.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat.	74 41	29. 87	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun.	84 46	29. 84	NE to N.	Rain P.M.	Cirrostratus

Nights and mornings fair.

Highest temperature at noon, 45°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Venus in conj. on Tuesday, at 3 h. A.M.
The Moon in Perigee on Wednesday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 28° 59' in Aquar.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 14° 23' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 48' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 17° 42' in Pisces.
Length of day on Sunday, 11 h. 20 min. Increased, 3 h. 36 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 29" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.59712.

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 nity of again addressing you.

I beg to return my grateful acknowledgments for the very
 flattering reception I have hitherto met with, and to acquaint
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 your Suffrages on an early occasion.

I shall have the honour of paying my personal respects to
 you as soon as possible. In the meantime I earnestly request
 the continued exertions of my friends for the accomplishment
 of the important object I have in view.

I have the honour to be, Ladies and Gentlemen,
 Your faithful and obedient Servant,
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 situation to which I aspire, it shall be my study to perform the
 duties of it faithfully and independently.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully, Ladies and Gen-
 tlemen, your most obedient Servant,
WILLIAM YOUNG.

24, Upper Wimpole-street, March 4, 1829.

N.B.—The Election will take place on Friday the 20th in-
 stant, when the attendance of Sir William Young's friends is
 earnestly requested at the ballot.

At a Meeting of the friends of Lieut.-Col. Sir William Young,
 Bart., held at the London Tavern, on Wednesday, March 4,
 the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, Proprietors of East
 India Stock, pledged themselves to promote to the utmost of
 their power his election to the vacant seat in the Direction,
 occasioned by the resignation of Sir George Abercrombie
 Robinson, Bart.

Jas. Alexander, Esq., A. Grant, Esq.	H. Porcher, Esq.
M.P.	Isaac Gompertz, Esq., G. L. Prendergast
Jas. Alley, Esq.	E. Goodhart, Esq., Esq., M.P.
J. Atkins, Esq., Al-Henry Grace, Esq., Emmanuel Pacifico,	
Jerman, M.P.	George Grove, Esq., Esq., M.D.
P. Perkins, Esq.	Rt. Hon. C. Grant, Esq., Esq., M.P.
Sir T. Baring, Bart., M. P.	R. Patterson, Esq.
M.P.	R. Grant, Esq., M.P., R. Richards, Esq.
S. G. Brett, Esq.	J. Hume, Esq., M.P., T. Richards, Esq.
Robert Brown, Esq.	A. Hammond, Esq., J. G. Remington, Esq.
John Blades, Esq.	Lieut.-Col. A. Hogg N. M. Rothschild,
A. Brough, Esq.	H. Hutchinson, Esq., Esq.
John Brown, Esq.	W. Heygate, Esq., Jacob Richards, Esq.
Daniel Beale, Esq.	Alderman
Earl of Caledon	Jas. Halford, Esq., T. Sheppard, Esq.
J. Capel, Esq., M. P. W. Hammond, Jun., Robert Sutton, Esq.	
F. Creswell, Esq.	Esq.
A. Chapman, Esq.	James Hill, Esq., Esq.
B. Cohen, Esq.	D. D. Inglis, Esq., John Stewart, Esq.,
D. Carruthers, Esq.	Henry Ineson, Esq., M. P.
John Cartwright, Esq., J. H. Israel, Esq.	Lieut.-Col. A. Spens
Sir Christopher Cole, Charles Jones, Esq.	George Scholey, Esq.
K.C.B., M. P.	William Kay, Esq., Alderman
W. C. Drysdale, Esq., John King, Esq.	A. Smith, Esq., M. P.
R. Dent, Esq.	M. P. Lucas, Esq., G. R. Smith, Esq.,
R. Durant, Esq.	Alderman
John Darby, Esq.	John Liddle, Esq., J. Shepherd, Esq.,
Viscount Exmouth	W. H. Leith, Esq., C. G. Thornton, Esq.,
J. Elphinstone, Esq.	James Lambert, Esq., C. H. Turner, Esq.
Lieut.-Col. Alex. Fairlie Mackintosh, Esq.	R. Twining, Esq.
Sir Charles Forbes, John Morgan, Esq.	W. H. Traut, Esq.,
Bart., M. P.	W. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P.
Sir Charles Flower, William Mellish, Esq.	S. W. Ward, Esq.
Bart., Alderman	J. Morcoron, Esq., J. Wells, Esq., M. P.
E. Fletcher, Esq.	J. Malcolmson, Esq., T. Wilkinson, Esq.
Major T. Fawcett	J. Murdoch, Esq., J. Woolmore, Esq.
Joseph Foskett, Esq., M. Montefiore, Esq.	J. S. Winstanley, Esq.
George Forbes, Esq., John Mixon, Esq.	James Wood, Esq.
Lieut.-Col. Edward G. B. Nixon, Esq.	R. Williams, Esq.,
W. Forman	J. Olive, Esq., M. P.
I. L. Goldsmith, Esq., H. W. Prescott, Esq.	

The Committee of Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Young, Bart.,
 beg leave to draw the attention of the Proprietors to the strong
 grounds upon which he solicits their suffrages upon the pre-
 sent vacancy in the East India Direction.

They consist in a long course of military service, performed
 in the Honourable Company's Army in India, both in the Field
 and in Garrison; and which, in repeated instances, have ob-
 tained for him the marked approbation of the distinguished
 officers under whose command he acted.

Sir William Young entered the army as a Cadet of Infantry
 in the year 1788, and on his arrival at Bombay, joined the Eu-
 ropean Regiment, which served under Sir Robert Aber-
 cromby, G. C. B. before Seringapatam in 1798.—He was then
 appointed to the Grenadier Battalion, one of the most dis-
 tinguished corps on the establishment, commanded by Co-
 lonel Gore, and was employed in the reduction of the Dutch
 settlements in Malabar; also at the capture of Colombo and
 its Dependencies in 1795; and throughout the Cingaleze War,
 in which he commanded four companies of grenadiers; at the
 expiration of which service, he received the thanks of General
 De Meuron, and the Honourable Frederick North, Governor
 of Ceylon.

In 1797, he was attached to the Staff of Colonel Bow, then
 in charge of the disturbed districts in Malabar, during an ar-
 duous and destructive service of two years, when he was com-
 pelled, by ill health, to return to England,—and again went
 out in 1802, at the commencement of the war with Scindeah

and Holkar, when he was appointed to the Bombay Staff by
 the Honourable Governor Duncan, and engaged, during the
 arduous contest in the Deccan, in collecting and forwarding
 supplies for the army, under the command of the Duke of
 Wellington, for which service His Grace was pleased to ex-
 press his high satisfaction;—at this period he was also hon-
 oured with the approbation of the Governor in Council,—of
 General Nicolls, the Commander in Chief at Bombay,—and of
 Sir Barry Close, Bart., the Political Resident at Poona.

In a later period of his service, he had the merit of suggest-
 ing and organising a most efficient plan for recruiting the
 Native army, which was adopted by the Government, and
 acted upon with extensive and important results.

In 1803, he was honoured with the favourable recommenda-
 tion of the Military Board, in a letter to the Government of
 Bombay, forwarded to the Honourable Court of Directors, by
 which their attention was drawn to 'the important and ac-
 knowledged services performed by him, during a period which
 demanded all possible energy in the promotion of the public
 interest;—and on which the Honourable Court were pleased
 to express their entire approbation, in a dispatch to the Govern-
 ment of Bombay: on the Staff of which Establishment he re-
 mained, until he finally quitted India.

On these recorded grounds, establishing Sir William Young's
 long, able, and faithful services, the Committee pledge them-
 selves, collectively and individually, to support Lieutenant-
 Colonel Sir William Young, and most strongly recommend
 him to the favourable notice of the Proprietors, at the ap-
 proaching ballot, on the 20th instant.

JOHN WARD,
 Chairman of the Committee.

N.B.—The Election will take place on Friday the 20th in-
 stant, when the attendance of Sir William Young's friends is
 earnestly requested at the ballot.

**A MEETING OF PROPRIETORS OF EAST
 INDIA STOCK,** held at the City of London Tavern, on
 Friday, the 8th of March 1829.—Present,

Col. W. Chas. Alston Patrick Healey	Edm. Charles Mac-
Alex. Annand	Col. Hull
Richard Brook	J. Hughes
R. Campbell Bazzett	Henry Heath
Joseph Bathurst	John Horaby
Gen. Thos. Bowser	Col. Harriott
W. Burble	Thomson Hankey
John Barnes	Arch. Elijah Impey
Walter Buchanan	John Innes
R. H. Bradshaw	Sir Hartford Jones
Col. Broughton	Bart.
W. Crawford	W. Key
W. Chaplin	F. C. Ladbrooke
David Colvin	John Locke
Sir W. Curtis, Bart.	Capt. John Locke
John W. Comerill	Sir Peter Laurie
Quintin Dick, M.P.	J. Laurie
David Edwards	Lewis Loyd
James Farquhar, M.P.	George Lyall
Sir T. H. Farquhar, Andrew Macklew	Bart.
Bart.	Jas. Mackillop
Wm. Fox	Stew. Majoribanks
John Fullarton	M. P.
Wm. Gillman	Edw. Wheeler Mills
A. Gordon	David Majoribanks
Robt. Melville Grind-	Rowland Mitchell
lay	Andrew Amadée Mel-Sir Geo. Warrander,
Wm. Gelston	ville
Geo. Car Glynn	John Melville

ABRAHAM WILDAY ROBERTS, Esq., M. P., being called
 to the Chair, it was proposed by Lewis Loyd, Esq.; seconded
 by Stewart Majoribanks, Esq., M. P., and resolved unanimously,
 That, in the administration of the affairs of British India, it
 is essentially requisite that there should be found among the
 Members of the Executive Body of the East India Company, a
 due proportion of individuals qualified by employment in the
 several departments of the public service in India, for the ef-
 ficient discharge of that high and important office.

Proposed by Richard Campbell Bazzett, Esq.; seconded by
 James Farquhar, Esq., M. P., and resolved unanimously, That
 Robert Cutlar Ferguson, Esq., M. P., during a residence of 17
 years in Bengal, when he filled successively the situations of
 Standing Counsel and Advocate-General to the Company un-
 der the Supreme Government of India, who have recorded their
 satisfaction and approval of the manner in which his
 official duties were fulfilled has founded thereby a just claim
 to the approbation and support of the Constituent Body of the
 East India Company.

Proposed by Archibald Elijah Impey, Esq.; seconded by Col.
 Rauchen, and Resolved unanimously, That the pursuits and
 duties connected with his profession during his long residence
 in India, have afforded him the means of being acquainted
 with the laws and institutions under which justice is adminis-
 tered, as well as with the habits, manners, and customs of the
 various classes and descriptions of its inhabitants. That the
 same pursuits have necessarily led him to an intimate know-
 ledge of the general affairs of our Eastern possessions, and of
 the system of policy which unites them to the Mother Coun-
 try; and that these researches and acquisitions, added to his
 general talents, most eminently fit him, in the opinion of
 the Meeting, to become a Director of the East India Company.
 Proposed by Sir George Warrander, Bart., M. P.; seconded
 by Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart., and Resolved unani-
 mously, That, with these impressions of Mr. Ferguson's qual-
 ifications and pretensions, this Meeting recommends him with
 confidence to the support of the Proprietors at large, and
 pledges itself, individually and collectively, to use its best ex-
 ertions to ensure his election.

A. W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

The Chairman having called the Chair, and Sir Thomas
 Harvie Farquhar, Bart. being called thereon:

It was proposed by Sir James Shaw, Bart.; seconded by
 James Mackillop, Esq., and Resolved unanimously, That the
 cordial Thanks of this Meeting be given to A. W. Roberts,
 Esq., for his very courteous and able conduct in the Chair,
 City of London Tavern, March 6.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning,
 by WILLIAM LEWIS, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-
 street, Strand.